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THE TRUE STORY.

BY CECIL LORRAINE.

What can I tell you, my darling, a story,
Here in the twilight as we sit alone?
You, in the glow and glory of the sunset,
What shall I tell you, my dearest, my own?

What shall I tell you, thus sitting together,
Dreaming of things that are past and to be,
Thinking of life's sunny glories before us,
When you are always and ever with me!

Never more parted in sorrow or gladness,
Always together—in life ne'er to part,
Ah! could I tell you, or read you a story,
Sweeter and truer than that, my dear heart?

The Marked Stone.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

WITHOUT another word he went to a tall oaken press which stood in one of the many recesses of the spacious room, and unlocked and swung back its heavy doors.

In what secret drawer hidden recess he searched Rosalie did not know, but in a few moments he approached her again. In his hand was a roll, like a parchment scroll, crackling, ancient, and dusty.

He unrolled it, and the girl saw that it consisted of three or four yellow leaves covered very closely with pale ancient characters.

Sir Dunston put his hand gently upon her shoulder, and made her sit down in his own chair.

He smiled sadly, glancing from her pale face to the scroll in his hand.

"This is our legend, Rosalie—the story of what has made White Towers what it is and we Musgraves what we are. Nearly five hundred years have gone by since the curse fell upon us, and in all those years not one of us has escaped paying the penalty of our fatal inheritance—not one. When you have read it you will know whether we are ever to escape it, for it will be for you to say. Remember one thing, Rosalie," he said slowly, as he put the scroll into her hand; "it is true—true—true!" And with that he walked slowly out of the room and left her, closing the heavy door with a crash behind him.

Frightened at being left alone in that almost unknown part of the weird old Castle, Rosalie's first impulse was to fly back to Cordelia. But she dreaded the dark passages by which she had come even more than the parchment in her hand.

With a desperate effort to rally her courage she spread the scroll out upon the table and, bending closely over it, read, in crabbed, dim, uncertain characters, the Legend of White Towers.

Where against the darkened sky
White Towers rises gloomily,
Frowning down the rocky vale,
Roared at by the Northern gale,
Stormed at by the restless sea
Ever tossing ceaselessly—
Nearest thou that sound that passed,
Moaning low upon the blast,
Rising, falling fitfully?
'Tis the wail of Rosalie.

Ever thus, in summer's heat,
Autumn's fading, winter's sleet,
When the mystic midnight hour
Rings from out the donjon tower,
Circles round the turrets three
The lament of Rosalie.

When within the Castle's keep
Drowsy groom and warden sleep,
Wrapped in slumber dull and deep;
When the watch-dogs, waking, strain
To its length their curbing chain,
Bay the moon, and sleep again;
When the flickering lamps expire,
When in blackness dies the fire,
When the night wind from the shore
Whispers at each massive door,
Creeps along each oaken floor;
Then from lofty hall to hall,
Where the shadows blackest fall,
Draped in snowy, grave-yard pall,
Moaning ever mournfully,
Flits the wraith of Rosalie.

Sweetest maiden, fairest bride,
Bound to sternest bridegroom's side,
She, in times of war and feud,
Battle, foray, challenge rude,
In a day long past and gone,
Crossed the Castle's threshold stone,
While around her steps there pressed
Parent, kinsman, servant, guest,
Each one echoing eagerly
Praise to lovely Rosalie!

Winter's frost and summer's heat
Flitted by with footsteps fleet,
Stormed the sea and raged the gale
Roaring down the stony vale—
Still within the White Towers' bound
Love and sweetest peace were found;
Till beyond the bridal day
Near a year had passed away,
When there came a whispered word
To the Castle's gloomy lord—
Treacherous word that slightingly
Dared to speak of Rosalie!
All her witely truth forgot,
All her love, of love begot:
All his vows of faith forsworn
Pledged her on their bridal morn;
Blackest doubt and deadliest pain
Tore and tortured Musgrave's brain.
Ah, that whisper ruthlessly
Sealed the doom of Rosalie!

Rosalie shivered; the shadows seemed to deepen in the great dim room, but she read on bravely—

When at night the Castle slept,
Softly on her steps he crept—
Saw her cross the oaken floor,
Saw her hands unbar the door,
In the moonlight saw her stand,
Clasp in hers a mailed hand;
Saw them smiling face to face,
Saw her arms his neck embrace,
Heard them whisper, saw them kiss—
Sight to fire his blood, I wis—
For, from out the portal's shade,
Flashed aloft his shining blade—
Cruel blade that vengefully
Pierced the breast of Rosalie!

Striking for his blighted trust
Twice it gleamed as twice he thrust;
Saw them fall together there,
Ghastly in the moonlight fair;
Laughed to see her bleeding breast,
Laughed to see his stained crest,
Laugh, and looked, and turned to fly—
Clasped his brow in agony—
On the bloody portal stone
Bowed himself with anguished moan.
Well he knew that form and face,
Manhood's stature, boyhood's grace;
Murdered saw his faithful bride,
Dead by dying brother's side—
While above him fearfully
Shrieked the curse of Rosalie!

The girl paused again, shivering once more as she raised her forehead from her damp hands, and glancing round the great shadowy room fearfully.

She was cold, and trembled; uncanny shapes, strange and gruesome, seemed to lurk in its frowning recesses; and that terrible suit of black armor, which the light of the fire scarcely touched, standing with its right arm threateningly extended—had it been worn by the Musgrave whose sword had been stained with the blood of his innocent wife, fair, hapless, helpless Rosalie? She shuddered and gasped, with mingled amazement and terror, at the first sight of her own familiar name traced in crabbed lettering upon this faded parchment, but not as she did now. Did that restless wraith really wander moaning at midnight through the halls of the old Castle—did her last despairingly dying shriek ring out menacingly over its roof? Ah, there was no need to ask that! The girl covered her eyes tremulously with her hands, and shuddered as she remembered the cry she had heard. And that stain, which dyed the very threshold stone of the fatal house! Sir Dunston's grave voice rang in her awed ears, "It is true—true—true!"

Summoning all her courage, she seized the parchment again and turned the wrinkled page.

Here some lines were added in a different writing; for the characters, although stiff and crabbed, were less difficult to decipher and more modern in style, while the ink was less pale. Evidently a later hand had added them.

Holding the folds flat with both hands, Rosalie Redferne read—

Twice two hundred years have flown
Since beneath the moonlight shone
Red the bloody portal stone;
Still the parchment shows the trace.
Still there glows the crimson space,
Broad and plain that all may see,
Awfully, accusingly,
And around the White Towers three
Moans the dirge of Rosalie!

Never more the stain shall fade,
Never more the curse shall be laid,
Nor within the Castle's bound
Musgrave's heir in peace be found
Till for his and love's sweet sake
Tender hands the spell shall break—
Till a maid, as she was, fair,
Azure-eyed, with golden hair,
Loves and weds with Musgrave's heir
And within the White Towers three
Dwells another Rosalie.

Rosalie sprang upright with a sudden scream, and then shrank back in the great chair, covering her eyes with her hands, while the scroll went rustling to the floor, for a cold hand at that instant was laid upon her shoulder.

Then, in a moment, she saw that it was Durward; but Durward looking so white and wild, with a face so distorted by some strange emotion, that she was really afraid of him. Not so afraid as she would have been had she known that for the past five minutes he had bent stealthily over her shoulder, his eyes eagerly following hers as she read, and his hand nervously hovering within an inch of her shoulder. For a moment the girl's over-wrought nerves were balanced between an hysterical outburst of tears and an indignant outbreak of anger; then the latter impulse conquered, and she said sharply—

"What made you try to frighten me like that? Why didn't you let me know you were here, so close to me?"

"I did—I spoke to you."

"You did not," she retorted; "or I should have heard you!"

Durward did not seem to notice her indignation. He stooped and picked up the scroll, and she saw that his hands shook violently. In her inconsistent, impulsive way she relented towards him, and pitied him.

"Oh, sit down!" she cried, advancing a step, for the moment forgetful of her anger and her weird fancies. "Do! You look so ill!"

He waved her back—had she been near enough it seemed as if he would have pushed her; and then, pointing down at the scroll, he said—

"Who gave you this?"

"Sir Dunston."

"How did you know of it? Who told you?"

"Cordelia."

"Told you what?"

"That if I wanted to know the legend of White Towers, I must ask Sir Dunston to let me read it."

"What else do you know of it?"

"Nothing beyond what I have read. Let me finish it."

"There is no other page. You have read it all—all there is. What else should there be? Does it not come to an end?"

"No!" cried the girl resolutely, a sudden pang of fear seizing her as she met his eyes. "There is more—I know there is more! Let me see it!"

"There is no more!" As she stretched her hands to take the scroll, he let it fall, and instead grasped them in his own, almost hurting them, weak and delicate as his fingers were. "Rosalie, there is no more. What more is needed to finish the story of the horrible curse that has blighted the lives of every one of us Musgraves for five hundred years! It is true—you know it is true—have you not seen and heard enough to know it? Rosalie, you have heard the legend of our house, written by an unknown hand at an unknown time, and do you not see that only you can set us free?"

"You don't know what you are saying," murmured the girl faintly. "Let me go. I will not listen." The last words which she had read upon the scroll seemed to ring in her ears, mingling with the terrible shriek which she had heard wail out over White Towers; to her excited fancy the extended arm of the mailed figure seemed raised menacingly. And before her was Durward, deathly white, bright-eyed, spectral, with his ice-cold grasp fast upon her.

"You must listen—you shall!" His clasp tightened still more in the feverish intensity of his eagerness, and his already low voice dropped to a whisper. "Rosalie, don't you see that it is fate—your fate and mine? I have known it ever since you were sent here—for you were sent! You know it now. It is useless to struggle against it—you cannot even if you would—it is Fate, I say! Rosalie, don't you see that the curse will never be lifted from White Towers—never—unless you become my wife?"

The girl drew her hands away, and, with the fallen parchment lying between them, stood staring at him.

There was no tenderness in his face, no love, but there was intense craving, eagerness and earnestness. Then she cried out in a ringing, thrilling voice—"No, no—no, no!" and rushed frantically, blindly, not seeing where she went, out of the dreadful room.

Ten minutes later, Stephen Gifford, opening the study door, which had slammed heavily behind Rosalie's figure, and advancing into the light of the fire, found Durward Musgrave standing just as she had left him, leaning against the arm of Sir Dunston's great chair, the fallen parchment lying at his feet.

The secretary, seeing him standing so, instantly comprehended the situation. There was an odd smile upon his thin dark face as he looked from the ghastly countenance of his employer's brother to the parchment lying at his feet.

"So," he said coldly, an ironic inflection in his slow quiet voice—"the plot thickens?"

"What do you mean?"

"She has read it, then?"

"Yes; she has read it."

"Did you give it to her, may I ask?"

"No; Sir Dunston."

"Sir Dunston? Ah, I see!" The secretary stooped and picked up the scroll, eyeing it and his companion in the same curious way. "And did she read it all?"

"No!" said Durward fiercely.

"Indeed! That is odd, taking the insatiable curiosity of woman into account! But perhaps you prevented her?"

"If I did, what then?"

"Only that in that case you were wise," returned the secretary with a shrug of his shoulders, and still with his eyes fixed mockingly upon the other's drooping face. "She has not given you a very favorable answer as it is, I perceive, for you spoke to her, of course? Yes, I thought so"—as Durward made a slight, almost imperceptable gesture of assent. "Wise to take the opportunity, of course, but you should have made one before."

"Why?" demanded Durward; but he knew, and showed that he knew, before Gifford, repeating the deprecating shrug of his shoulders, replied.

"I warned you before, you know," he said, "when Miss Redferne first came to White Towers. Not altogether without reason, if appearances are to be believed."

"Warned me of what?" Durward had sunk down into the chair, and now looked up into his tormentor's face. His lips were turning blue, great drops of prespiration were starting out upon his thin white forehead.

"Only that your brother was in the field, and might possibly be a dangerous rival. Unless I am mistaken he is that already, and has a pretty fair chance of making the running, although"—glancing down with a smile at the stiff yellow leaves in his hand—"the young lady has not read all. She will marry a Musgrave, I don't doubt, but she will hardly influence either you or White Towers."

He would have said more, but his words would have been spoken to the air, for Durward Musgrave was lying back in the wide arms of the great carved chair—he had fainted away.

The secretary did not ring or call; he had seen the young man like this before, and knew what to do.

He quietly loosened his collar at the throat and, getting some water from a carafe on the writing-table, applied it to his lips and forehead.

He did it gently enough, but all the time he looked down at the unconscious man's face with the utmost scorn and contempt of which his own was capable.

"I hardly know why I take the trouble to torture the poor, weak, selfish, superstitious fool," he muttered. "Besides, what does it matter to me? I care as little for him as I do for that young bear his brother. Let him marry the girl if he can get her, and if she also is fool enough to have him. She will marry one or the other of them, I suppose; so much the better, as Cordelia wishes it; but I care not a straw which." He paused, a hot flush tinting his thin face. "Who knows? It might make a difference. I have heard often enough that she declared she would never marry, but its only lately that I have fancied the cause might be this!"—with a scornful glance at the legend. "To think that she should believe in and guide her life by such a tissue of miserable lying rubbish as that!"

* * * * * *

"Cordelia, I have read it!"

Cordelia Musgrave started; she had not heard the door of her room open, or the faintest sound of footsteps across the floor, and yet sitting musing by the fire, with her unbound hair streaming about her, a cold hand touched her suddenly, and she looked up to see a little figure with a cloud of glossy golden hair about its shoulders and great blue eyes shining from a pale face.

She put her arm round the girl's form caressingly.

"Cordelia, is it true?"

"It is all true, my dear."

"I mean—was there ever a Musgrave who murdered his wife—as it is said?" murmured the girl; with a shudder.

"Can you ask," cried Cordelia, almost bitterly—"you, her namesake, sent here—yes, sent, Rosalie—to make her peace with us, her unhappy husband's descendents, after nearly five hundred years! It is true child! True, all of it—horribly, fatally true! Did you not hear her voice, have you seen upon our very door-stone the stain of her life-blood? And you ask, is it true?" She clasped her hands hurriedly over her eyes with a shudder. "Ah child, it has blighted the eyes of each and everyone of us, man and woman, ever since."

She broke into sudden, passionate sobs—she, the usually calm Cordelia—sobs interspersed with beseeching words and broken entreaties, all bearing the one hopeless burden, and Rosalie Redferne, listening, felt her heart grow cold in her childish breast.

All that was superstitious in her nature, the fanciful and mysterious thoughts which had at every turn been encouraged and fostered since she had first come to White Towers, seemed to rise up and overwhelm her now.

She had hardly heard the story which Cordelia, growing calmer presently, began to tell her, in a repressed, rapid, eager way of how in far past days the Musgrave who was then lord of White Towers, had been one of the stanchest adherents of the luckless, graceless, worthless king, Richard II., and how his wife's young brother had joined the forces of the usurping Henry of Bolingbroke, and, secretly visiting his sister, had been slain with her by her husband, as the legend of the Castle told.

Trembling as she knelt by Cordelia's knees, Rosalie listened, but the words conveyed no sense to her, the story had no meaning. She only heard Sir Dunston's solemnly uttered words:

"It is true—true—true!"

Durward's wild declaration; "It is fate, Rosalie, fate—yours and mine!"

And Cordelia's own imploring, passionate cry; "Oh, save us, my dear, save us!"

She crept away, dumb and awe-struck, feeling doomed, helpless, as utterly a captive as she could have felt had shackles clanked upon her ankles.

Her mental resistance was utterly broken down; she was subdued, resigned, a martyr, yet exalted, obstinately bent upon her martyrdom.

She was a victim, and yet would have perversely resented any effort to prevent the sacrifice.

CHAPTER XII.

CORDELIA Musgrave was sitting by the fire in her own sitting-room.

Leaning back in her great carved chair, her white hands laying folded upon her plainly cut dress of black velvet, the fire light shining upon her long pointed collar of real old lace, upon her crown of dark coiled hair and grave serene face, she looked a fitting occupant for the ancient sombre-tinted room. But the fire shone also upon a glitter of tears upon her eyelashes, for Cordelia had been crying.

She was thinking so deeply that, although the heavy oaken door creaked as it swung back on its hinges, she did not hear or turn.

The entering figure had stood for a few moments close at her shoulder before, changing her position, she saw it. She started then, almost arose, and was no longer pale.

"You startled me," she said, faltering a little. "I did not hear you."

"I knocked too, and fancied that I heard you say, 'Come in,' but these old rooms are so full of echoes that I suppose I was mistaken."

"I did not hear you," Cordelia repeated, and then added, "I thought you were with Sir Dunston."

"Sir Dunston and I finished our talk some little while ago," returned Ross Braithwaite, standing with his arm resting upon a projection, made by a carved cluster of grapes in the massive chimney-piece as he looked down at her. "Since then I have been waiting about, thinking you were still up-stairs with Durward. How is he?"

"Much better. He will perhaps be able to come down stairs to-morrow. Indeed I think he could have done so to-day had he cared to try."

"This has been much worse than his usual attacks, has it not?"

"Very much worse. He has not been so really ill before, and it is years since he was compelled to keep his room for a whole week. It is just that, to-day, you know."

"Yes, just a week since I came here," assented Mr. Braithwaite absently, so absently that Cordelia began to tremble; she always did tremble at the mere prospect of an interview with this faithful lover of hers, whom she loved and would not marry. Rejection, coldness, denial, she had dealt out to him mercilessly for the past five years; and, while her conduct had not as yet either tired him out or cast him down, it had wearied her to her very heart and perversely forced her to love him more than ever. She looked up at the handsome pleasant face, and thought of what life would suddenly become were she only free to hold out her hand to him—free to speak his name. But she had fought against too many momentary yearnings to yield now, and, although a lump rose in her throat and her eyes were dim, she hardly sighed as she quietly looked back again at the fire.

"I hardly expected to find you alone, Cordelia. I thought your little companion would be with you."

He had called her Cordelia since the day when he had first asked her to become his wife, and she had never had the heart to forbid him.

"Rosalie, you mean?" she said, forcing a smile. "Yes, this is usually our tea and gossip hour, but she took it into her head that she wanted some silk, or some such article for a marvellous Christmas present which she is concocting, and of which I am to be the recipient, I believe; and so she has gone over to Mossendean to fetch it. It is rather cold for her, I'm afraid, but she would go."

"She has not gone alone, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, Dermot has driven her!"

"He certainly acts the part of squire in the most devoted fashion," Mr. Braithwaite observed, with a smile. "It quite amused me at first to see how despotically that little thing rules him. I hardly thought that kind of thing was in Dermot's line."

"They used to quarrel dreadfully when she first came here"—Cordelia smiled naturally now—"but of late they seem to get on together very well."

"Excellently well! I am heartily glad to see it. I have had an idea more than once before that if such an interest got into his life it would give the boy just the incentive he wants, and make a man of him in all ways. He was regretting to me last night that he declined that offer of mine—you recollect; and it is quite on the cards, I fancy, that I shall take him off with me to the Clyde. I hope so, I am sure."

"Oh, no—no!" Cordelia's face grew paler, her eyes were dilated, and her lips quivered, as she rose, speaking in an eager distressed tone. "Don't say that. I have been afraid of it so often, but I would not believe it. You don't mean that Dermot—my poor boy—is in love with Rosalie?"

"I mean that, certainly. There is not much room to doubt it."

"And she with him?" cried Cordelia.

"I think so; until hearing you speak of it like this, I had hoped so," Ross Braithwaite returned in a puzzled tone. "Why, does it not please you?"

"Please me?" she echoed passionately. "Oh, no—no—no! How can it? How can you ask it when you know how she came here, what her name is, and the history of this miserable home of ours? Can you not see plainly that it is fated—yes, fated—that she must marry Durward? He, not Dermot, is the heir of the Musgraves—the future master of White Towers."

She sank down into her chair again, one hand covering her eyes, her bosom rising and falling rapidly. The face of her lover as he looked down at her was odd enough, but the lingering sense of humor which it undoubtedly exhibited was softened and subdued by a look of intense tenderness and pity. Presently he asked gently—

"Cordelia, does she—Rosalie—know of this belief of yours?"

"Yes."

"And believes it?"

"Yes; how can she help believing it."

"And will she marry Durward?"

"Yes. Do you think she could do otherwise even if she would?" said Cordelia gloomily.

"You mean then, he has not asked her."

"I think not. I do not know."

"And if she does—or when she does, if you prefer to have it that way—what is to follow?"

"Their happiness, I hope—the first happy married life that has been lived by any one of us Musgraves for nearly five hundred years," Cordelia returned in the same tone. "Surely it is time peace came," she added fervently—"time there was an end to our probation."

"I hope it may be so," Mr. Braithwaite rejoined gravely, though in the gently indulgent tone such as one uses to a whimsical child.

This strange vein of what he considered mere superstitious weakness in the character of the woman he loved, was indeed nothing less than an anomaly to him. But precious efforts had taught him that reasoning was worse than useless.

He drew a pace nearer and stood looking down at her.

"Cordelia, is that the only probation that is to come to an end?"

She did not speak, but her sensitive lips quivered as she met his eyes, and from her face the delicate color receedd and then returned.

He took her hand, speaking gently, but with the plain straightforwardness of an earnest man.

"It is not because you do not care for me that you have refused for the past five years to be my wife," he said. "I know that you would have married me long ago but for this—obstacle, let me call it. Would you not?"

"I know you think me foolish, fanciful, ridiculous," she faltered, with a deprecating glance at him; but——"

"No—no," he said gently; "I won't say that. I am wise enough, I hope, to understand the enormous strength of inherited tendencies, fostered by surroundings such as these and a life like yours has been. Let that rest. Tell me this plainly—when Miss Redferne marries your brother, will you marry me? I have been very patient, Cordelia," he added, after a short pause. "I think I deserve a plain answer from you."

He had been patient, she knew; so patient that she had often marveled at it. He surely deserved more than he claimed. She raised her beautiful eyes to his face steadily.

"Yes, Ross," she said simply. "When I feel sure that our miserable probation is over—and, oh, I hope to feel so soon!—then I promise you that I will be your wife if you care to take me."

He kissed her hand gently, and, still holding it, asked—

"And Dermot, Cordelia?"

"What of him?"

"Shall I, if I can persuade him, take him with me? Perhaps my fancy about him may be only a fancy; but, fancy or reality, he has wasted too much time here."

"Far too much," she assented with a sigh.

"Then if he will only go, will it please you?"

"Oh, yes—more than I can say! It grieved me so when he refused before."

"Then I think I shall take him. Fortunately he wants neither brains nor energy—they need directing, that is all. Why, in a year, say," he added in a jesting tone, "you will hardly know your boy."

Cordelia smiled in reply. She was cheered, brightened, almost happy.

Mr. Braithwaite released her hand and moved across to one of the narrow windows which overlooked an angle of the great court-yard.

"Here comes old Bess and her cargo!" he said cheerfully. "I thought I heard them. What a bark old Gurth has! You never see that boy without his two familiars."

"Never!" Cordelia assented, rising and going to the window too.

From their post of observation they could just see the little chaise, with Gurth and Lady barking round it in the best possible spirits, apparently as lively as though their journey to Mossendean were before instead of behind them; while old Bess languidly dropped her ears as if very glad that it was over.

They saw Dermot lift Rosalie out of her nest among the rugs, and then, in evident response to the little lady's imperious directions, proceed to draw from the pockets of the chaise a miscellaneous collection of very small parcels which he piled carefully in her arms.

Then, after several imaginary discoveries on her part that he had left something behind, and renewed his searchings in consequence, one of the servants led old Bess away, and the two young people followed by the dogs came indoors.

They came into the sombre darkening room laughing and talking gaily, although Dermot stopped and flushed when he saw that his sister was not alone.

Rosalie began a voluble account of their expedition as she unbuttoned her thick jacket, chattering so fast that she left no opportunity for the others to say a word. She was looking unusually pretty, Cordelia thought, as she gently helped to undo her wraps.

Her blue eyes were like stars, her color almost as vivid as that of the bunch of scarlet hollyberries at her throat; but there was also about her an air of repressed excitement which had more than once puzzled Miss Musgrave during the past week.

Cordelia did not suspect that the girl looked upon every day of Durward's illness and seclusion as so much respite wrung from fate, any more than she suspected now that her merry flow of gay chatter was forced and unnatural.

But Ross Braithwaite's eyes were keener and glancing from one young face to the other, he resolved that, if he could manage it, Dermot Musgrave certainly should go away with him to Clyde.

Old Margery brought in tea in response to Cordelia's ring, and even Sir Dunston came in presently and asked for a cup, although as he drank it in his usual abstracted and musing fashion, after absently dropping at least seven lumps of sugar

into it, he did not help to keep up the conversation.

But he listened to Rosalie's blithe little voice weaving quite a romance out of that very prosiac ride to Mossendean and back again, and seemed almost to enjoy himself in his gentle, absent way. Indeed, Sir Dunston was very fond of little Rosalie.

"It is a pity you didn't go too, Cordelia," the little lady declared. "I was not cold a bit, and the dales look lovely after the frost. And the Scaw is beautiful; it looks as if it were a huge white sugar loaf, all spangled with diamonds."

"Does it?" Cordelia smiled at the quaint description, well-knowing what the old Scaw looked like in the shining glory of its winter dress. "Did you see anything of your friends the smugglers, Dermot?" she asked.

"No; I wish I had. If I were Knabb I'd caught them before now," Dermot returned "He seems off the scent entirely. The fellow must be a regular fool!"

"You didn't take a turn exploring the Old Woman's Basket, I suppose?" Mr. Braithwaite asked, laughingly.

"No; I wanted to, but she"—he nodded at Rosalie—"wouldn't let me."

"Of course not," cried the girl vivaciously. "What would you have said, Cordelia, if I and old Bess had brought him home dead?"

"I don't think there was much fear of that," said Cordelia, smiling. "These smugglers are regular ogres to you, child, I believe. Did you get all you wanted?"

"I think so," returned Rosalie, reflectively, while Dermot muttered in an undertone that he would "like to see her bringing him home." "I am sure I hope that I thought of all the things, for I don't want another journey to Mossendean tomorrow; but there were so many that I shouldn't wonder a bit if I have forgotten a few things after all. I got your ribbon though—they just managed to match it at Probus's. "She had gone over to the sofa, where she had dropped her purchases, and was turning them over. "If I have forgotten anything it is all Dermot's fault—he grumbled all the time."

"Yes; it was fine fun for me, kicking my heels out in the street there, wasn't it, while you turned the shops out of the window?" retorted Dermot. "I expected to see you come out with a sackful. You were in there long enough to buy the whole shop."

"Oh, yes—you know so much about shopping, don't you!" rejoined Rosalie teasingly. "I'll drive myself next time."

"That you won't," said Dermot decisively, holding out his cup for more tea: "so don't think it. I don't want the job of carrying you home again if I know myself."

"Bess and I could get on all right," declared the girl.

"You could get into Black Gap and stick there, you mean," he retorted. "What's up now?"

For she had uttered a sudden exclamation of dismay as she stood turning her parcels over.

"Oh, dear, my silk! The very silk I went on purpose to get! I know I bought it—I'm certain. You must have left it in the chaise. I told you you weren't looking properly! It is in the second left-hand pocket under the seat. You must go and fetch it, Dermot. Make haste!"

"All right; I'll go presently. It won't hurt it to leave it, I suppose."

"Yes, it will! If it gets the least bit damp it will be ruined, and then you will just have to take me to Mossendean to-morrow to get some more. Go and fetch it now. That stupid boy may empty a pail of water into the chaise, or something!"

"Bother your silk and you too!" exclaimed Dermot; but, although he grumbled, he rose most obediently and walked out of the room.

Coming back in a few moments, he tossed a tiny packet into Rosalie's lap.

"Is that the stuff?"

"Oh, yes—thanks! This is it."

"Well, that's a blessing! Is there anything else you want?"

"Not now—thanks! It is too bad to send you out in the cold, I know"—this with sweet consideration now that she had got the silk—"I might have gone for the stupid stuff myself."

"Who wanted you to go?" Dermot muttered, and then, not waiting for her reply, he looked at his sister. "I say, Cordelia, have you any skates?"

"Skates?" Miss Musgrave echoed. "What for?"

"I'm going to teach Rosalie. The lake would bear a house by this time, and she says she wants to learn—that's all," said Dermot shortly.

"I expect we shall both go into the water," observed Rosalie gaily, as Cordelia said she had plenty of skates somewhere and would look for them. "Mr. Braithwaite, don't you think I had better make my will, perhaps before I begin?"

"If you do get in, I suppose I can pull you out again," interposed Dermot, coolly forestalling any answer which the person addressed might have made. He was half leaning upon the back of Rosalie's chair, and the glance which he bestowed upon the little fair head was a rude revelation to Cordelia, who was watching him just at that moment.

So Rose was right after all, she thought, with a reluctant remorseful pang at the thought of "her boy's" suffering. Yes, it was best, in a double sense, that he should go away.

But she was surprised presently, after Sir Dunston had gone back to his study, and Mr. Braithwaite and Dermot had left the room together, when Rosalie opened a conversation by saying abruptly—

"Cordelia, do you know that Dermot is going away?"

"Did he tell you so?" asked Cordelia cautiously.

"Yes; he told me what Mr. Braithwaite had offered to do, and that this time he meant to take his offer, because he had been foolish, and had wasted a great deal too much time here as it is. He is right, I think."

"Quite right, Rosy."

"You are glad he should go?"—in a wistful tone.

"Yes, very glad. I shall miss him, but it will be for his good."

"Yes," agreed Rosalie quickly. "I told him that, Cordelia, and he said that he had quite made up his mind to go. He—he said"—she was faltering a little—"that he had been a fool to waste his life so long, just vegetating here, and that if he were not very soon different it would not be his fault. He says he means to make up for lost time, if he can."

"He will, dear."

"Oh yes—I am sure he will! I—I—told him so."

There was a pause.

Cordelia, glancing at the fair face on her knee wondered if the girl knew what was the mainspring of this resolution of Dermot's and most fervently hoped that she neither knew nor cared.

But she did not pursue the subject, feeling that it was fraught with possible danger.

"You do not ask how Durward is, my dear?" she remarked.

"I beg your pardon; I forgot." Rosalie was pale in a moment, and she shivered. "Is he better?"

"Much better. He will be able to be down to-morrow."

To-morrow!

Her respite was over then, the girl thought, her mind reverting to the undercurrent of fatalistic brooding, which had never been absent from it, waking or sleeping, since she had read the legend of the White Towers in Sir Dunston's study.

She would never have any more happiness, any more gayety, laughter, and brightness in all her life after the dawning of to-morrow.

It was terrible, cruel—the thought of it chilled, frightened, and subdued her; but it must be.

Had not fate sent her to White Towers, and that for the inexcusable purpose she must fulfill?

She believed it as thoroughly as Cordelia Musgrave herself. And, she had been so happy during the past week—she had not believed before that it was possible to be so happy at White Towers.

But that was with Dermot—nearly every hour of every day had been spent with him somehow—and Dermot was going away.

Cordelia would go away too, when she married Mr. Braithwaite—as of course she would do—when——

"Are you cold dear?" asked Cordelia, starting as she felt the little figure crouching against her knee shudder violently.

"No; I was thinking—that's all. Cordelia may I ask you something?"

Cordelia, assented and looked wonderingly into the blue eyes which were fixed so earnestly upon her own.

"Cordelia, you remember it—the legend? You know what it says—all of it, do you not?"

"Every word. What of it?"

"Cordelia"—Rosalie's voice sank into an awed whisper—"tell me, is it true about the ghost? I mean—did any one ever see it?"

"I saw it once myself, Rosalie."

"Oh, when? Where?"

"I will tell you, since you ask me"—Miss Musgrave's voice had sunk into a whisper "It was nearly a year ago, Rosalie, in the winter-time like this, that I saw it."

"Go on," murmured the girl softly.

"Dunston was not well, and was making himself worse by hardly ever leaving his study. One night I had left him writing, and looking so ill and worn that I was frightened about him, so anxious and worried that I could not sleep, although I tried—could not even close my eyes. I lay wide awake listening, hoping to hear him come up-stairs, as he had promised me he would before long. But I could not hear a sound, and I was afraid he had dropped asleep at his desk, or perhaps had forgotten, and was writing still. So at last I could not bear it any longer, and took my candle and crept down-stairs. It was just midnight when I reached the great hall—the clock had just struck—and I waited. I was dreadfully afraid of hearing that awful cry. I did hear it, not as loud as usual, but unutterably mournful and plaintive—more like a wailing human voice, I think, than I ever heard it before; and I put my hands over my ears until it had died away. Then I looked up, and just at the great doorway which leads towards the west tower, looking at me, Rosalie—looking at me with eyes that could not see, only feel—I saw it standing."

"What did it look like, Cordelia?" gasped Rosalie.

"I don't know," returned Cordelia, shuddering. "It was gone in an instant: and I dropped on the stones fainting, and lay there until Dunston found me, three hours later. It was the ghost of White Towers, Rosalie."

"And," said Rosalie, in the same low awed voice, "and it disappeared into the west tower?"

"Yes," Cordelia assented. "It is said that Lady Rosalie's rooms were in the west tower, and I believe it has never been used since. It is quite useless, all fallen to decay and ruin. Nobody enters it, as you know."

"Cordelia, did you tell anyone?"

"Dunston did not need telling. I told Durward."

"And Dermot?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Just what he would say now—that I had been dreaming."

"But you had not been dreaming?"

"No," said Miss Musgrave, repressing another shudder; I had not been dreaming."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WORD "SPINSTER."—There is a deep meaning in that old word spinster as a description for a woman. The universality of the occupation is revealed by the old legal phrase "spear-side and spindle-side."

The spindle was carved on the tombs of woman of noble rank down into the Middle Ages, and quite recently the Historical Manuscripts Commission have brought to life curious instances of the use of the strange word in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, showing how women regarded "spinster" as denoting their personal position in life.

The instances occur in the old writs served on "recusants" for not attending church.

Thus, the Sheriff of Essex is ordered to produce to the Justice of the Peace, "Joan Block, wife of Robert Block, of Daggenham, spynster, Joan Lamb, widow, of London, spynster; Cecelia Upwey, wife of William Upwey, of Daggenham, spynster."

In another writ, "Richard Styleman, husbandman; his wife, Elizabeth Styleman, spinster."

In another, "Margaret Tirrell, spinster, alias Margaret Tirrell, wife of Thomas Tirrell, Esq., &c.

Surely, for these women the designation had a value much above our formal expression.

What history of change in women's work is wrapped up in that word.

It has an ancient significance as testifying to the useful occupation of spinning, which gave its possessor an honorable place of her own, now degenerated to a mere meaningless phrase for a woman who has no place or career of her own by which to describe herself. The description of a once valued occupant descended to mean the absence of any occupation whatever!

MISS BACON (they have been discussing orchids).—"And now, Professor, I want you to tell me all about the plant from which electricity is made." Professor Honothy (aghast).—"The which?" Miss Bacon—"You certainly must have heard of it. Father says its high cost prevents the general use of the electric lighting—I mean the electric plant."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE POOR AND THE STRANGER.—It is a beautiful custom in some Oriental lands to leave untouched the fruits that are shaken from the trees by the wind, these being regarded as sacred to the poor and the stranger.

TOUCHING GLASSES.—The fashion of touching glasses in drinking healths is thus explained dy a continental authority. It means that all the senses are gratified at once—the sense of touch by holding the glasses, that of hearing by the sound of their jingling, that of sight by the friends looking at each other, and those of smell and taste by the smell and taste of the liquid.

ANCIENT COOKS.—In an old Roman household, tradition tells us, the head-cook was a high-salaried officer—of course, your quick thoughts revert to the genius who presided over one famous dinner that Mark Antony gave to Cleopatra and that was so sumptuous that it actually drew praise from that haughty dame, which unusual appreciation so delighted the infatuated Antony that he summoned the cook and gave him an entire city as a recompense.

TURNPIKES.—Turnpikes were erected in England as early as 1267, as we find from a grant of a penny for each wagon passing through a manor, and subsequently it was a common custom to levy tolls for the repair of various throughfares. The derivation of the word "turnpike" is curious. At times it was the custom to fasten a pike or spear-head loosely to the top of a post, in order to prevent the intrusion of travelers not duly authorised to pass, and the turning round of this pike, presenting a point on every side, gave rise to the name of "turnpike."

PREVENTIVE OF DISEASE.—In a book, entitled "A Bird's Eye View of France in the Middle Ages," the author tells of some interesting medical superstitions formerly prevalent in that country. To ward off fevers one might refrain from eating meat or eggs at Easter and on other festivals, or carrying about a piece of human bone, or pluck and eat the first daisy found in the field. If fever had been contracted, the best cure was for the sufferer to rise early in the morning and go out into the fields, walking backwards all the time, pluck a handful of herbs, throw it behind him without looking at it, and then go home as rapidly as he could. Earache was cured by the touch of a skeleton hand; headache by binding the temples with a rope by which some one had been hanged, and toothache by contact with a dead man's tooth.

LIVING IN GLASS HOUSES.—The saying, "Those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," originated as follows: At the union of England and Scotland in 1603 great numbers of Scotchmen flocked to to London. Buckingham hated the Scotch bitterly, and encouraged marauders to break the windows of houses occupied by them. Some of the sufferers retaliated by breaking the windows of the duke's house, which had so many that it was called the "Glass House." The duke complained to the king, and the monarch replied, "Ah Steenie, Steenie, those who live in glass houses should be 'carefu' how they fling stanes."

STRANGE TASTES OF ANIMALS.—It is singular to find that while in animals each peculiar species has its distinguishing characteristics—as speed in the gray hound—courage in the bull-dog, intelligence in the shepherd's colley, and acuteness in the Highland terrier—that there are now and again strange aberrations met with in their tastes, and such as are totally opposed also to natural habits and dispositions. A Frenchman once had a poodle which would drink grog until he got drunk; but in his latter days he became reformed, for a stupid scoundrel giving him a glass of undiluted whiskey, scalded his mouth, and from that moment he turned teetotaller. Many years ago a guinea-hen, which had lost her partner, took to fox-hunting to kill grief. She regularly went to the fields with the hounds kept a respectable place throughout the day, and always was in at the death.

THERE was a little joke practised on a tutor some time ago by a freshman. The tutor had become very much annoyed by the passing around of notes in the division during recitation hours. One noon a suspicious-looking missive was observed going the rounds, which seemed to cause a great deal of merriment. Now was the time. The sport must be checked. He orders the paper to be brought to his desk. He receives it, and finds written on it, "Turn over." It is turned over somewhat cautiously, and "Sold again!" meets his astonished gaze.

YOU.

BY W. W. L.

The music of your gentle voice in harmony
Falls soft upon my sad heart's minor strings;
And the sweet presence of your deathless love
Above me ever stands with folded wings.

My heart thrills with a love divine to yours,
Caught from the light of your bright eyes;
And this pure love, all powerful and strong,
Hath struck down Fate—in the dust he lies.

I have no thought; no being, save in you,
My haven is your breast, and your sweet song,
That sets my stormy soul to melody of peace,
And keeps it, in this world of sin, from wrong.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRING AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—(CONTINUED.)

IRIS sat and listened and watched. She felt sorry for all of them, and sorry for Mr. Stapleson.

With all his roughness and vulgarity, she felt that he was generous and good-natured, and she pitied him.

As she sat and watched, wondering what they would do, she felt someone touch her arm, and, looking down, saw that it was Paul leaning over the orchestra barrier.

"Oh!" she said, with a little start; "is it all over? Are you coming?"

"Mabel!" he said in a low voice.

"Well?" she answered.

"Mabel, I wonder whether—oh! but I dare not."

"What is it, Paul?" she said gently, for he looked pale and distressed.

"Did you hear what has happened?" he said in a whisper.

Mabel nodded.

"Yes; Mr. Stapleson says that he will close the theatre. It is a great pity, is it not?"

"A pity! Ah! you don't know what it means," he said sadly. "To all of them it is a blow, and means a loss; but to some of them, to those poor people at the back there—the chorus—it means right down privation, and perhaps starvation. For it is a bad time to get a fresh engagement, you see. And all the fault of Miss Alfrede! And he has treated her so well, and given her such a tremendous salary, too. She caught cold going down after the theatre to a supper party at Richmond, and she don't care how she inconveniences the rest of the company; she cares nothing for anybody but herself."

"I am sorry, Paul," said Iris. "Poor things."

"Yes," he whispered sadly. "And it will make a difference to me, too, Mabel; but that doesn't matter so much. I haven't got little children depending on me as some of them have."

"To you?" said Iris.

"Of course; I shall lose my engagement," he said quietly.

"Oh, Paul! Cannot something be done?" she said very anxiously, for his own loss had brought that of the others home to her.

He looked up at her quickly.

"Yes, something can be done, Mabel; and you can do it!"

"I?" she exclaimed amazed.

"Yes, you. Mabel, didn't you hear what he said? That none of them could sing her part at sight. And it's true; they couldn't to save their lives, none of them! But you can!"

Iris stared at him.

"You can! You would do it beautifully! And the rehearsal would go on without her, at any rate, this afternoon. She would come to-morrow. Oh, Mabel, say the word! Quick! Look, they are beginning to go, and when they have gone it will be too late! Mabel, let me speak to Mr. Stapleson!"

And as she still shrank back, he continued pleadingly:

"Think of all those poor people, Mabel! Shall I?"

Her face quickly paled, then went crimson.

"If you think——" she softly murmured.

Paul did not wait for the conclusion of the sentence.

Limping forward, he called Mr. Stapleson, who stood in the centre of the dismal group.

"Well, what is it now?" he demanded irritably. "Oh, it's you, is it? What do you want? I am just going."

"Mr. Stapleson," said Paul timidly; "Miss Howard will take Miss Alfrede's place this afternoon, if you wish her to!"

Mr. Stapleson stood still. Some of the actors, who had heard Paul's stammered words, pressed up closer and stared into the dim theatre.

Iris shrank back as far as she possibly could.

"Eh? Miss Howard?" said the manager. "Can she read at sight?"

"Try her!" said Paul proudly. "Oh, Mr. Stapleson, it is not for herself—she does not want to, and I have had hard work to get her to say she would—but it is for you and for us!"

Mr. Stapleson jumped down from the stage and approached Iris.

"Is this really true, Miss Howard?" he said.

"I will try, if you think I can do it!" said Iris in her quiet, gentle voice.

"Try, for Heaven's sake!" he exclaimed. "I am as anxious to keep the theatre open as anyone can be, but I can't stand up against continual annoyance and disappointment. Come and try, and we shall be very much obliged to you."

He held out his hand as he spoke and assisted Iris, by the help of a chair, to mount the stage.

The group, expectant and curious, eyed her scrutinizingly.

"This lady," said Mr. Stapleson, "is a friend of Mr. Paul Foster—the lady who sang at the Duchess of Rosedale's yesterday,"—they exchanged glances, and the eyes bent upon Iris grew more interested and even respectful. "This lady has kindly volunteered to sing Miss Alfrede's part—confound her! Now then, where's the music? There you are, Miss Howard. We will take it as slowly as you like. There is the book of the words. We'll all help you in common gratitude——"

"Yes," said some voices eagerly.

Iris took the music, and pale and confused looked round.

"I will do my best," she said. "I am very sorry that it should be necessary."

The actors looked at one another. Here was a very different person to the absent Miss Alfrede; but perhaps after all she would fail!

Paul sat trembling at the orchestra, his ardent blue eyes fixed upon her. He, at any rate, knew that she would not fail.

"Now then," said Mr. Stapleson, "let us begin. Stop us when you like, Miss Howard, and take all the time you like."

They began. When it came to the speaking part of the character, Iris read from the little book they had given her, and though her voice sounded rather tremulous, it was so clear and distinct that Mr. Stapleson nodded and jerked his hat over his eyes to hide his satisfaction.

Presently she came to the vocal part. All eyes were bent upon her.

A moment would decide whether she could accomplish what she had so bravely attempted.

Unfalteringly, though low and somewhat slowly, she sang the music. A murmur rose, a murmur of surprise and satisfaction.

The rehearsal went on. They came presently to the first solo: the clear, sweet voice rose and filled the theatre.

Without a false note, without a moment's hesitation, she sang it to the end, and then looked round almost frightened, for a silence, profound and appalling, reigned everywhere.

Had she broken down, sung it wrongly? What was the matter?

She looked, and following the direction of all the other eyes, saw a tall, overdressed young lady standing at the wings.

She was rather good-looking, of a commonplace type, but her pretty face was pale with passion, and her eyes seemed to blaze as they rested upon Iris's face.

It was Miss Alfrede.

"Good-morning," said someone, in a timid voice.

She took no notice, but swept up to the manager.

"What is this?" she demanded imperiously.

"Good-morning, Miss Alfrede," said Mr. Stapleson drily. "What is what?" and he looked round the stage with mock innocence.

"What does this mean?" reiterated the proud young person, stamping her foot.

"We are only rehearsing 'The Imprisoned Princess,'" said Mr. Stapleson, eyeing her coolly.

"With—with my part?" she said, shooting a fiery glance at Iris, who stood pale and distressed.

"With your part!" said Mr. Stapleson, as calmly as before. "By-the-way, I'm glad to hear that your throat is better! Never heard you in better voice," for Miss Alfrede had almost screamed the last question.

She turned pale, and clenched her teeth tightly.

"I see," she said, with angry sarcasm; "I'm not wanted! I'm sorry I came. Pray don't stop! Pray forgive me for interrupting! Oh, I'm of no consequence!"

Iris could bear it no longer.

Flushing, but calm, and with that well-bred composure which always stood by her in such moments, she came towards the angry prima donna, and held out the music.

"I am very glad you have come," she said gently. "I have been trying, most ineffectually I fear, to take your place. Everybody will be very pleased that my poor services are no longer needed."

Everybody did not look very pleased—quite the contrary—but very anxious.

Miss Alfrede turned and looked Iris up and down scornfully.

"Oh, indeed!" she exclaimed, tossing her head; "you have taken my place, have you? Then you may keep it!"

"Oh, no," said Iris; "you misunderstand. I ventured to sing your music that the rehearsal might go on. I am very glad to stop——"

The gentle voice, the sweet eyes, might have moved anyone but an angry and jealous actress.

They seemed only to increase Miss Alfrede's passion.

"I daresay!" she exclaimed bitterly; "but I've got nothing to do with you. It's you," and she glared at Mr. Stapleson, "you I have to do with. You can get on without me now, I daresay; and you can! Do you hear? I've had an offer from the Coronet—there it is!—I shall accept it. I'm not going to play second fiddle at the Lyric! Not likely!" and she laughed again. "There's your agreement, and—good morning!"

She took a paper from her muff, tore it across and across, and flung it straight in Mr. Stapleson's face.

Then, with a parting glare of defiance at Iris, and a scornful sniff for the rest, she flung herself off the stage by the wings.

Mr. Stapleson had recoiled so suddenly at the volley of paper, that his hat had tumbled off and he stood bareheaded, aghast and confussed by the suddenness of the contretemps; but presently his bewilderment gave place to a natural indignation, and with a scarlet face he roared:

"Good-morning! Go to the Coronet and drive them mad there. I've had enough of it!"

Then turning to Iris he said, almost defiantly:

"Now, Miss Howard, I'll take Miss Alfrede at her word. I have got someone in her place—if you like to take it."

There was a murmur of applause and satisfaction.

"You can sing——"

"Yes, yes!" corroborated the voices, enthusiastically.

—"And if I don't make a great mistake you can play. Anyhow I'll chance it. I offer you an engagement, Miss Howard. As to terms, we will talk that over. You won't find me the stingy miser people are fond of calling me, at any rate. And if I give you half the salary I gave that young lady," his emphasis on the latter word was very fine—"you'll be a rich woman!"

Iris stared from him to the group which had now clustered excitedly about her.

"Accept, my dear," said a motherly woman, who had watched the scene in silence; "accept, it is an excellent chance for you."

"But," stammered Iris, "I am not an actress, I could not——"

"I'll risk all that!" said Mr. Stapleson, "I know my business. I don't say you are an actress. I'm not such a fool. But you can learn. I know good material when I see it and something tells me I've got it before me now. Come say one word—'yes,' and let us go on. I'll remind you of yesterday, Miss Howard; you were just as reluctant, and see what a success you made of it. Better rely on my judgment in this case too. It's not usually,"—he added, turning to the rest with a grin,—"it's not usually such hard work to persuade a lady to accept an engagement, is it?"

They laughed.

"Oh, accept, Miss Howard," said the tenor. "Everything shall be made comfortable for you."

"Comfortable!" grunted Mr. Stapleson. "The Lyric is the most comfortable theatre in London, though I say it; but there's been no comfort since Miss Alfrede joined us! I tell you what, I'm so upset, that if Miss Howard declines, I shall stick to my resolution and close the theatre. I'm sick of the whole thing!"

They closed round her, urging her by words and looks, and Iris was getting confused, and her eyes were filling suspiciously, when the elderly lady who had already spoken to her, took her by the arm, and gently but firmly drew her out of the circle.

"Forgive me, my dear young lady," she said. "And be quiet, all of you!" she exclaimed, looking over her shoulder. "You are confused by all this noise. Now, my dear, I am an old woman, and I have seen a great deal of the world and of the profession, and I can see that you are uncertain what to do. Isn't that so?"

"Indeed, it is," said Iris.

"Very good. I thought so," continued Mrs. Berry. "Now, my dear, there are two reasons why people go on the stage; one because they have a passion for it, and another because they want to earn a livelihood, and may have some talent. You haven't a passion for it, but you have I think, some talent. You sing, for one think, most beautifully, and that alone would help you a long way to success. But I think you can do more than this!"

"Why?" asked Iris unnaturally.

Mrs. Berry smiled.

"My dear, I watched you when you spoke to Miss Alfrede. A lady—forgive me, but I know you are a lady—a lady who can retain her self-possession at such a trying time must be a person of good sense and self-control. Two things absolutely necessary for an actress. Then you speak distinctly, and—I'm going to ask you to forgive me again!—you are very beautiful, my dear, and have a good figure. Now, all this means that I think you'll succeed, and as I am fond and proud of my profession, I shall rejoice if you say, 'Yes.' Now, tell me—after all I have said—why you should not say, 'Yes'?"

Iris stood and gazed at her in silence.

The actress—Mrs. Berry was a first-rate one, and very well known—patted Iris's hand.

"I see," she said with a smile; "you have no reason for saying 'No.' Go and tell Mr. Stapleson that you will join us, and leave the rest to him. You can do so safely, for he is more than honest; he is honorable and liberal, and he is grateful, too, for the manner in which you have helped us all. Go, my dear!"

Iris, her heart as well as her reason moved by the motherly and affectionate counsel, went up to Mr. Stapleson.

"Well?" he said.

He had been leaning against a wing, his hat well over his eyes, watching the conference between the two.

"Well, Miss Howard?"

"I accept," said Iris in a low voice; "and I am very grateful to you."

He held out his hand in his satisfaction, then instinctively drew it back.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but I tell you candidly that I'm very pleased, Miss Howard."

Iris held out her hand, and he enclosed it in his large one and shook it heartily.

The company seeing how matters were going, raised a stage cheer.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Stapleson, "Miss Howard is now a member of the Lyric company, and will, if all goes well, play the leading part in the new opera. Now, then," changing his tone to the old impatient one, "let us go on. Good gracious me, look at the time! Let us get on!"

That night, while Iris was hard at work in Paul's room learning her part, and vainly endeavoring to realise that she, who a little while ago was Iris Knighton of the Revels, was now Mabel Howard of Lyric Theatre, there was a ball at the French Embassy.

It was one of the great gatherings of the season, and the crowd which filled the ball-room, and overflowed into the ante-rooms and staircases, contained the most famous and best-known of that indescribable compound of fortunate beings called "society."

It was long past midnight, and the ball was at its height, when that strange but well-known sensation which always accompanies the entry of some person of note, ran through the throng.

"Who is it?" was the question that passed from lip to lip, and the answer, when it came, only increased the interest, "Lord Coverdale."

In the centre of the room, surrounded by an ardent court was Lady Lilian Foyle.

She had never looked more beautiful than she looked to-night, for the faultless face wore an expression of expectancy and that consciousness of coming triumph which lends light to the eyes and a smile to the lips.

As the name of Lord Heron reached her ears she looked across the room and saw him standing talking to the hostess and her father.

Presently, as the music began a waltz, her father came across the room as if looking for her.

"Do you want me, papa?" she said, and the circle round her opened to admit him.

"It's rather late," he said with a well-bred little yawn, "and I'm thinking of going home to bed. That is all. The duchess will take care of you, Lilian."

As he spoke he looked at her meaningly, and she drew her arm from her partner and slipped it within her father's.

"I'll go with you to the door," she said, and looking back over her shoulder she added archly:

"Am I not a good child? What is it, papa?" she said, when they had got clear of the crowd and stood in one of the rooms leading to the staircase. "You want to say something to me?"

Lord Foyle formed the word "Yes!" with his lips.

He was a tall, thin man with a very distinguished air, an aristocrat from the sole of his feet to the crown of his head; but there was a look in his eyes and about the clear cut lips which made people, when they saw him first, grow reserved and cautious.

It was not a cunning look exactly, but it just stopped short of it.

"He has come!" he said smiling, and waving his hand to someone in the distance even as he spoke.

"I know it. I have seen him. And if I had not, I should have heard of it!" she added with a little scornful smile. "They watch him as cats do a mouse!"

"A mouse worth a million, and master of Knighton Revels is worth watching," he said, in a low, clear musical voice. "He is here, and I have been talking to him. Prepare yourself for a disappointment."

"A disappointment?" she said, and the faint blush color aped out of her cheek.

"I cannot understand—I have said so much all through—why you should feel so confident," he went on. "He has paid you some attention, I admit, but I am an old friend of his—about the only intimate he has in society—and——"

"Did I ever say that I was confident?" she said almost inaudibly.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You gave me that impression. Perhaps the wish was father to the thought, for you know how much importance I attach to this—to your success with him. Frankly, Lilian, I am at my last tether. Your marriage with Heron Coverdale would be my salvation. Ah, Loveless, how do you do? No, my daughter is not going; we are only taking a stroll."

"I know it. Do you think I do not know it?" she said through her closed teeth, "and do you think that, knowing it, I would not move heaven and earth to bring it about. You call me confident. I am not confident; but,"—she paused,—"if I cannot win him, which of these can?" with a pride which was almost sublime in its audacity, and she waved her fan towards the crowd.

He nodded.

"Yes, you are beautiful. I am proud of your beauty, Heaven knows; and, as you say, if anyone——But he is most difficult. I told you to prepare for disappointment. He has just told me that he was going to leave London. He says that he is not ill, and yet he looks worn and haggard. If I did not know that he neither drinks nor gambles, I should say——"

"Leave London?" she said, and the short, white even teeth caught at her under lip. "That is a new and sudden resolution! Why?"

Her father shrugged his shoulders, and the hard, cunning look came into his eyes.

"I don't know. He didn't explain. Heron Coverdale is not one to give his reasons for any course of action. I suppose he is tired of it!"

She flushed hotly.

"That is a poor compliment to me," she said with a cold smile.

"Well!" he said. "That is the only reason."

"No!" she said in a low voice; "it is not. Papa, there is some secret connected with Heron Coverdale's life; something that haunts him, and makes him unlike other men. I thought that it was some love affair; but I doubt it now. If it should be ——" she stopped.

Her father looked at her sharply.

"Well?"

"If it should be, I should feel the confidence you accuse me of!"

"You would?"

"Yes!" and she drew her graceful figure to its full height, and flashed a proud, defiant glance from her beautiful eyes. "Yes! If a man has loved once, he can love again—and there is no woman under the sun that I would not match myself against!"

Lord Foyle looked at her.

"By Heaven!" he quickly murmured, "I think you are right! Hush! here he comes!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THREE paragraphs in the society papers attracted a great deal of attention. One was to the effect that the Earl of Coverdale had left London and gone to his country seat, the Revels, at Knighton; the second was an announcement that Lord and Lady Lilian Foyle had taken a furnished house at Beverley, and the third was a paragraph in the dramatic columns, stating that Mr. Stapleson was about to introduce Miss Mabel Howard, the young lady whose talents had made so much sensation at the Duchess of Rosedale's At Home, to the operatic stage, and that great things were expected of her.

At the first announcement the world shrugged its shoulders and tried to look resigned.

Lord Heron had earned for himself the character of being eccentric: he had flashed upon society the noble and wealthy owner of one of the largest estates in the country, and, instead of quietly submitting to be angled for by all the mothers of marriageable daughters, he had turned a cold eye upon them, and had now turned as cold a back!

As for Lilian Foyle, that she should leave London in the height of the season and go down and bury herself within the depths of the country, at first excited great surprise; but when it was discovered that Beverly was very near Lord Coverdale's place, the Revels, the knowing ones smiled at each other significantly, and understood the whole thing.

The third announcement stirred the dramatic world principally, but society itself was also greatly interested.

There was a mystery about this beautiful and refined-looking girl which piqued curiosity; no one knew whence she had come.

Until they had heard her sing at the Duchess of Rosedale's, no one had ever heard of or seen her.

She was unknown in dramatic and musical circles as in society, and the wildest and most improbable rumors were set afloat as to her origin.

It was said by some that she was a protege of Mr. Stapleson's, whom he had been keeping snugly hid until her voice was formed; by others that she was the daughter of an impoverished Irish peer; but though no one could learn anything definite, it was generally understood that Miss Mabel Howard was a lady by birth and somebody above the status of the ordinary professional.

Mr. Stapleson, when questioned, merely winked and looked knowing, to hide his ignorance and to keep up the interest and curiosity which formed about as valuable an advertisement for the Lyric as he could have desired.

Meanwhile, Iris, quite unconscious of the stir she was making, went on working steadily.

The belief that a person can be transformed into an actor in one night and take the world by storm without having had any experience or tuition in stage business has been exploded long ago.

The young ladies who play Juliet for the first time without any rehearsals and achieve brilliant successes exist only in fiction, and are not to be met with in real life.

Mr. Stapleson was quite well aware of this, and he strove might and main for opportunities for giving Iris as many rehearsals and lessons as possible.

"The Imprisoned Princess," as the new opera was rather stupidly called, was put off for a month, and rehearsals were held every day.

Iris worked very hard, too, at home. The music was not very difficult, and she learned it very quickly, but the acting was a very different matter, and this she studied day and night almost unceasingly.

She and Paul spent hours practicing the various scenes in which she appeared, and he would limp about the room taking the part of the prince and rehearsing the various scenes with her.

His confidence in her success never wavered for a moment; indeed it grew hour by hour; and often when Iris would say with a smile:

"Paul, what will you do when I break down and the people take to hissing instead of applauding—will you be very sorry?" he would retort:

"You break down! I know you will not. I know it as surely as if the night were over, and you were standing, bowing, with your hands full of flowers."

"Why do you feel so certain?" Iris asked gravely. "People often break down on their first appearance, Paul."

"Yes, they do, the sticks and incapables, and some who are not sticks and incapables, but then they are nervous or self-conscious. Now, you are not a stick, Mabel."

"Thanks!" she said, with a laugh. "If I could only feel sure of that!"

"You can so!" he almost shouted. "Do you think I don't know?—I, who have watched actors night after night! Everything you have got to say you say as if there was a point to it, and then you walk and move to the part. Why, if you were to act it in dumb show they would know what you meant!"

"Oh, come, Paul!" Iris remonstrated, with a laugh at his fervor.

"It is true!" he reiterated. "And then the way you move—why, it is a delight to see you cross the stage."

Iris shook her head, smiling.

"Paul, you see me through rose-colored spectacles. Now, if you would give out a pair of them to each of the audience ——"

"They won't want any rose-colored spectacles!" he retorted. "And then there's your voice—you'll admit I can't be mistaken there, Mabel? I shouldn't flatter you on that point."

"No, Paul," admitted Iris quietly. "I think I may get through the songs, perhaps."

"Yes, you'll 'get through' them," he said, with a confident smile; "that is, if the audience will let you. It's my opinion that there will be such a storm of applause at the first verse that you will have to wait, but you will get through them eventually!"

"Your song will be a success, Paul, at any rate; I feel no uncertainty about that," she said, for the composer of the opera had acknowledged the beauty of Paul's setting to the song, and it had been put in the place of the original.

"If it should it will be owing to your singing it, Mabel, dear," Paul said with a flush.

"And if that succeeds, as it will—I don't care very much for my part in the business—yes, I do!" she added quickly, as an expression of pain crossed Paul's face. "Yes, I will succeed for your sake, and Mr. Stapleson, and Mrs. Berry, and all who have put such trust in me."

"Oh, now you talk like yourself, Mabel, dear!" he exclaimed joyously; "once you begin to look at it in that way, you are bound to be successful! and—oh, Mabel, think of it, all London will be ringing with your praises; you will be rich and famous, and—oh, Mabel, how happy we shall be!"

Iris turned her face away that he might not see the sad smile which rose to her lips.

Happy! What happiness could there be for her who had lost father, name, and lover!

But if it could not bring her happiness, her work, hard and unremitting, brought consolation.

There was little time to dwell upon her lost home and the man she had sent from her, when there were sometimes two rehearsals a day a day at the Lyric, and constant practice at home with Paul!

There was no time for her to think, and she was glad of it.

As the great night approached, Mr. Stapleson who had naturally been anxious, grew more complacent and cheerful; and his confidence was shared by the company generally.

Iris was not like most theatrical novelties, flighty and self-reliant, but so painstaking and modest that their sympathies already enlisted on her behalf by the way in which she had come forward to help them, were strengthened.

Mrs. Berry smiled cheerfully at her, and nodded encouragingly.

"Don't be nervous, my dear," she said, "and all will be right. On the other hand," she added, conscientiously, "don't be too confident. The public is a fickle monster, and hard to please, and there is no predicting with any certainty. The 'Imprisoned Princess' may be a failure, and then even your sweet voice will not save us."

Altogether it was an anxious time for Iris, and it would have been more so but for Paul's unceasing and never-flagging belief in her success.

One afternoon a big box came, and on opening it they found it contained the dresses for the princess.

They were very beautiful and costly—Mr. Stapleson was mounting the piece regardless of expense—and Iris put them on for Paul's criticism.

The boy stood and stared at her as she swept across the room in the handsomest of the costumes—one of white satin trimmed with pearls,—and his face flushed as he exclaimed:

"Oh, Mabel!"

That really seemed to be all he could say; but his admiration and delight were increased when Iris exchanged the bridal dresses for the peasant's short skirt and laticed bodice.

"I don't know which I like best, Mabel!" he said. "I dare say the people will like the grand dress of white satin; but you look—I can't tell you how you look in that pretty country dress!"

There was another of plain black, which she was to wear in the prison, and even for that Paul had a word or two of admiration.

"It doesn't matter what you wear, Mabel," he said at last; "everything seems beautiful directly you put it on!"

"I shall ultimately be clothed in vanity as a garment if you do not put a curb on your compliments, Paul," she said.

The admiration of the company, when she wore the costumes at a dress rehearsal, if not quite so forcibly expressed as Paul's, was none the less decided.

"Even if she could not sing or act a little bit, she wouldn't be altogether a failure," said Mr. Stapleson in confidence to his stage manager; "but seeing that she can do both, and extraordinarily well, Miss Mabel Howard is going to realise a very big hit, Thompson," and Mr. Thompson cordially agreed with him.

At last the eventful night arrived. There had been no rehearsal that day, so that Iris might rest before the trying hour; and she and Paul sat down to a cup of tea,—or, rather, Iris sat, while Paul limped up and down in a state of excitement. She was excited, too; but as yet there was no trace of nervousness—that might come; and she begged the boy to take some rest and quiet himself.

"I can't keep quiet!" he said with an apologetic laugh: "I shouldn't feel half so excited if I were going to play, or if I had composed the opera——!"

"As you will some day, Paul!"

—"No! but it's because it is you, Mabel, dear, who are going through it all! And yet I know it is all right!"

They went down to the theatre, and at the stage door found Mr. Stapleson waiting for them.

Notwithstanding his experience and self-confidence, the manager looked rather pale and anxious, but he smiled and nodded.

"Here you are, then! Come early! That's right! There isn't a seat left in the house, of course; we could have filled Covent Garden, it's my opinion. Perhaps we will some day; eh, Miss Howard!" and he laughed. "Don't feel nervous, eh? No, you don't look it! As for Paul, why Paul's just off his balance!" and he laid his great hand on the boy's shoulder. "Go down, now, both of you! Paul, keep with her as long as you can!" he added in a lower voice, "I can see she relies on you far more than anyone."

"No one loves her half so well!" murmured Paul inaudibly.

There was a considerable amount of bustle and stir behind the curtain, and a continual hurrying and scurrying in the dressing room lobbies, and Iris met with many curious looks, but also many kindly greetings, as she made her way to her own room.

She found Mrs. Berry there, already dressed for her part.

"I thought you wouldn't mind if I came to help you dress, my dear," she said. "You have got a good dresser, I know, but at times like these one likes to have an old hand to speak a word to. I don't forget my first appearance, Miss Howard!" and she smiled.

"This may be my first and last!" said Iris. "I feel, now, that I shall not be able to open my mouth or to move when the time comes!"

"And when the time comes you will feel very differently," said Mrs. Berry with quiet confidence.

Paul remained until Mrs. Berry declared it was time for Iris to dress, and turned him out, and as he went he took Iris's hand and pressed it.

"Don't think of anybody but me, Mabel," he said. "Just speak and sing to me. I shall not take my eyes off your face all the time. Remember every minute I shall be there. Act and sing as you act and sing to me at home, and—well, I will answer for the rest," and he raised her hand to his cheek and passed it against it lovingly.

Iris's eyes filled with tears.

"If only for his sake I hope all will go well," she said.

"The boy has the heart of a child—it is so tender," said Mrs. Berry.

"And so true!" murmured Iris.

Presently, while she was dressing, she heard a dull, heavy sound, and stopped to listen.

"What is that?" she asked.

"That is the people coming into the house, my dear," murmured Mrs. Berry.

"My judges have arrived," said Iris gravely.

The bustle and noise increased. Mr. Stapleson's and the stage-manager's voices were heard above the din; then the loud stamping of the feet from the front of the house.

"They are getting impatient; it is time the curtain was up," said Mrs. Berry. "Let me have one long look at you, my dear," and her keen eyes examined Iris from head to foot.

Then she nodded and smiled.

"I don't want to make you vain, my dear," she said: "but you have one thing at least that the public will have the sense to appreciate—good looks! My dear, you look beautiful, very beautiful!"

"You are worse than Paul," said Iris, smiling. "You forget that you are praising your own handiwork!" and she pointed to the powder and paints.

Mrs. Berry shook her head and laughed heartily.

"No, my dear, all the powder and paint could not have done for you what nature has. I wonder how long it will be before your photographs are in the shop windows!"

"Many years or never," said Iris quietly.

Mrs. Berry looked at her curiously, then nodded approvingly.

"Stick to that, my dear," she said quietly.

At this moment the sound of the orchestra tuning up reached them, and a moment or two afterwards the band broke into the overture.

A faint flush rose to Iris's cheek, and Mrs. Berry, who watched her closely, laid a hand upon her arm.

"You are not—frightened, Miss Howard?"

Iris shook her head.

"No, not frightened, but I feel as if—as if I had disappeared, gone into space, and someone else stood here in my place," and she looked down at her dress and even at her hands and feet with a strange wonder.

Mrs. Berry poured out a glass of wine, but Iris declined it, and again Mrs. Berry nodded approvingly.

Presently they heard the call-boy calling the names of the characters who appeared in the first scene, then there sounded a sharp little bell, and immediately afterwards there was the roar and clap of applause.

"The curtain is up," said Mrs. Berry, "and they are clapping the scene—it is pretty—and that's a good sign. They are evidently in a good humor."

Mr. Stapleson knocked at the door, and on Mrs. Berry opening it, thrust in his head.

"All ready, and all right, eh?" he asked coolly—for once the curtain was up, nervousness, if ever it took possession of Manager Stapleson, disappeared.

"All ready and all right," said Mrs. Berry.

"Then that's all right," he said. "Now, Miss Howard, don't you be in the least afraid. I tell you—and I know something of this business, I believe—that you are going to hit them hard—hard, I say!"

Iris murmured a word of thanks for his encouragement, and he disappeared.

A moment afterwards the call-boy called her name and Mrs. Berry's, and they went up the wings together.

"One last word, my dear," said the kind-hearted woman. "Don't be hurried. Walk slowly, speak slowly, and sing slowly to begin with, and—don't look at anything—you won't be able to see much through the haze from the footlights, but don't try. Now then."

Her cue had come. The moment she had been looking forward to and sometimes dreading; the moment that had haunted her, by anticipation, sleeping or waking, had arrived.

She looked up, saw through the haze the sea of faces, eager, expectant,—stern as it seemed to her—then advanced slowly into their sight!

There was a moment—it seemed an age to her—of profound silence, so profound that in deed and in truth, one might have heard a marble if it had been dropped on the floor of the crowded theatre; then, as she raised her eyes and spoke, a short, swift buzz of welcome was accorded her.

It was merely a recognition of her beauty, of the grace which the pretty peasant costume set off and revealed; but it gave Iris heart, and the blood that had ebbed from her cheek, and left it pale as death, flowed back again.

The voice—she was speaking as yet—sounded deliciously fresh and refined to the audience, and they leant forward expectantly as the orchestra commenced the prelude to her first song.

She did not prance down to the footlights.

It was her first night as an actress, but Iris was a girl of intelligence and culture, and she brought both to bear upon what she had undertaken.

She had to sing this song to the tenor, and she turned her face to him—addressed it, in a word, to him.

The audience drew its breath as the marvellous voice, well within itself and perfectly in command, poured out the music, every word distinct and clear, and perfectly emphasized; then that peculiar motion which all who have seen it must remember, seemed to agitate the vast crowd; the movement preparatory to an enthusiastic expression of approval.

The roar—it was nothing less—was so loud, so swollen, so intense, that Iris stood for a moment in doubt whether she had received sentence of condemnation, or a token of approval.

Then there rose a loud cry:

"Encore! encore! encore!"

She stood for a second, then Mrs. Berry murmured:

"No!"

Iris obeyed, of course, and went on with her part.

Cries of "encore" resounded through the house, but Mrs. Berry shook her head, and Iris, without the slightest acknowledgment, continued with her part. They were so curious, so eager to hear her speak even, that they quieted down.

Then came her duet with the tenor. He was a nervous man—most tenors are, by the way—but as he looked at Iris, and met her eyes, steady and full of that electric light which is the illumination of genius, the poor fellow's nerves straightened themselves, and knowing that she would not break down, he sang his best.

It was a pretty duet—no great thing, but soft and taking—and Iris sang it with a feeling and expression that the Lyric stage had, as yet, been strange to.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HERE is a day now before me; a day is a fortune and an estate; who loses a day loses life.

LET THE SUN SHINE IN.

BY J. P.

Why sit in the corner, oh, desolate mourner,
Your face turned away from the light?
Why grieve in such fashion, absorbed in a passion
Of weeping from morning till night?

In solitude brooding, the daylight excluding,
Not thus will contentment begin;
But though the heart flutters, rise, open the shutters,
And let the bright sunshine come in!

For thus, and thus only, when wretched and lonely,
May we a blest victory win;
Our own hearts reviving because of our striving
To let the bright sunshine come in.

FACES IN SECRET.

BY J. LANDERS.

CHAPTER I.

MR. MOSTYN got the letter at his club. He did not at once recognise the handwriting. He had not heard from Mrs. Aclom since 1878.

"14 Anemone Crescent, St. Aubyns, Hove, Brighton.

September 11, 188.–

"My dear Fred,—Dr. Aclom was told today that you have returned. Will you come to see us? Pray come soon. I cannot tell you how much there is I want to talk to you about. I cannot get George's extraordinary marriage out of my head; and I am so eager for you to come and tell us all about it.

"I never will forgive George; if he had really been my own son this conduct of his over his marriage would have quite broken my heart; and I charge you to tell him so the moment you see him. You young men are so ungrateful!

"Both you and George seem to have quite forgotten all about the old home in the North Riding, and even the very name of your dear dead mother's best friend—that friend who was charged with the care of two most unruly boys, and who did do her poor best for them in their great loss. Freddy! Freddy! it is really very unnatural, and I feel that I have a real grievance against you both for such unkind treatment of me.

"But I will try to forgive and forget if you will come to see me soon; and you know well enough that I will always remain your affectionate second mother,

"M. A. ACLOM."

If Mr. Mostyn had had anything else to do that day the chances are he would have let his second mother's anxiety wait till a more convenient season.

But her note happened to reach him a few minutes after he had come to the conclusion that there was nobody in the city.

So in the cool of the day he strolled along to Victoria and got into a Pullman car for Brighton, arriving at St. Aubyns just as the lights of Worthing began to get visible in the darkness in the west.

He was really very pleased to see Mrs. Aclom again and have half an hour's chat with her; and he rather liked the idea of the old lady ordering him to be seated on a stool at her feet, while she took his head in her hands and examined his face very much after the manner of a near-sighted person purchasing a bunch of flowers and making sure of their being freshly gathered.

And though he may have got a little red when she gravely delivered her verdict:

"Too pale, Freddy; much too pale and lazy-looking!"—yet he smiled good-naturedly and did not even think that he had a right to protest.

"But tell me all about George," Mrs. Aclom said, releasing him; "tell me about that dreadful wedding of his! I cannot get it out of my head. It was so sudden, so mysterious. I cannot even find any one to tell me the name of the girl he has married. Who was she, Freddy?"

"A Miss Dale: the daughter of a gamekeeper living somewhere here in Sussex. You look shocked! Upon my word I don't see anything particularly shocking in George marrying a working-man's daughter. What was my father if he was not a working-man? But unfortunately George's wife is blind as well as poor."

"You tell me that! And was she blind when he married her?"

"Yes. In fact her blindness appears to have been the primary cause of their marriage."

"Tell me everything, Freddy."

"I know really very little about the affair. Of late years George and I have not been the best of friends. But let that pass. I was in Norway when his note about his contemplated marriage reached me. As usual, it was a marvel of brevity and bad writing; but so far as I could make out the horrible scrawl he was trying to tell me that a strange and terrible thing had happened to him. He had been shooting somewhere on the South Downs, and had had the misfortune to blind a girl who was walking—unobserved by him, of course—behind a hedge. George is himself somewhat near-sighted. He was naturally reticent about the affair, though I could see it had greatly upset him; and he concluded by saying that the only reparation that was possible to him was to make the unhappy girl his wife. He talked of the matter as you or I might talk of a business transaction. And that is all I know."

"But have you then never been to see them?"

"No. I don't know where they are. I am certain, from what I have heard, that they are not here."

"I will never forgive George!" Mrs. Aclom said once more: and then the conversation drifted to other things; and it was just gone eleven when Mr. Mostyn quitted Anemone Crescent to return to his old lodgings in the King's Road.

So dark the night was. The sky was not starless, for now and then the driving clouds rolled themselves closer, and then a point of light became visible; but in spite of this it was not a pleasant night to be out in.

Mr. Mostyn observed a solitary cab in waiting at the Prince's Hotel, and said good-night to a coastguard, who told him he thought the rain would keep off till morning; and then he turned down between the lawns opposite Adelaide Mansions, and sauntered, he did not ask himself why, on to Hove sea-wall.

A man was on the wall in the deepest darkness he could get into—and it was really very dark and wild and drear down here close to the pitching, booming Channel—and suddenly Mr. Mostyn's heart gave a bound, and he stood still and stared.

Yet the man was not doing anything out of the way.

He was merely bending over the railing looking out upon the black night that had fallen upon the face of the still waters.

Mr. Mostyn went up to him and attracted his attention to himself.

"You here, George!" he said.

And then a short, broad-shouldered, awkwardly-built man—a man with a face so remarkable (not absolutely ugly, but remarkable) that his own brother shuddered a little as it put him in mind of a goat looking at him in the night time—turned and held out his hand.

"Hullo, Fred," he said, in a strong but subdued voice, "how are you?"

"What are you doing here, George?"

The younger man laughed; it was not a very agreeable laugh to his brother's ears.

"And your wife," Mr. Mostyn said, "how is your wife, George?"

The answer made Mr. Mostyn feel that he would like to be nearer the light flashing from Brunswick Terrace.

"If I knew I would tell you."

"If you knew!"

But George Mostyn, with a gesture which to a stranger would have seemed boorishly discourteous, wheeled round and resumed his leaning attitude on the rail.

What did he find to stare at? Not a light was visible at sea. It was like staring at a wall of black granite.

Brother though he was, to say truth Mr. Mostyn felt a little afraid of the wild-looking man, who would not in such a place and on such a night take the trouble to be civil to him.

But he went close up to him, leant his elbow on the rail, and tried to see his face.

"George," he said again, "where is your wife?"

There came another grating laugh.

"That is just what I came out to wonder about. I like to think of her in the dark. I can see her then as she was."

"In God's name, what do you mean? Is your wife dead?"

"She is not dead."

"Where is she?"

"Don't ask me that again! I say it! I knew I would tell you. I do not know."

"Has some scoundrel——"

"No, no! not that at all!" George Mostyn cried out, confronting his brother as if about to strike him. "Where are you staying?" he said.

"At the same old place in the King's Road."

"I am going that way; I will walk along with you."

And they went down the sea-wall together in the direction of Brighton. Mr. Mostyn took his brother's arm.

"I wish you would be candid with me, George," he said.

"What do you want me to be candid about?"

"Your wife."

"I have told you. She has really left me."

"Tell me how it all happened, if you will."

"She left me at Leipsig. I had taken her there to consult a famous occulist about her eyes. An operation was performed, and she recovered her sight almost as suddenly as she lost it."

"I am glad to hear that."

"Oh, don't mock me, man! Then it was for the first time she saw my face."

He hesitated; Mr. Mostyn could feel the tendons of his arm tighten.

"Let go my arm!" he said with bitter incivility; "I can't bear any one to touch me when I think of it!"

He resumed his sorrowful narrative presently.

"When she came bounding into the room after the recovery of her eyesight, I was standing at the window. I turned my back quickly to the light, for you know what an ugly fellow I am, and I did not want her to see me for the first time in the full glare of noonday. But the instant she saw me she stood still, still as a block of marble, and then she came up to me, and took hold of me, and turned my face to the light. I had never seen a woman look like that before, and I pray God I never may again!"

"Did she say nothing?"

"Not a word. But after she had looked at me for a moment or so, her deathly pale and awe-stricken face became convulsed as with mortal agony, and without a word, without even a moan, she fell senseless at my feet."

The Channel breakers came scrambling in; and for awhile that was all the sound to be heard.

"I had her taken to her room, and everything I could think of done for her. But I have not once seen her from that day to this. When she recovered consciousness she refused to see me, and the doctors assured me that in her then condition my forcible entrance to her room might prove fatal. The rest is told in a few words. For several days, a week or so, she remained in a state of nervous prostration; and then, taking advantage of my absence from the city for an hour or two, she fled from the hotel, leaving behind everything I had given her during our honeymoon. And to this day I have heard nothing of her."

"When did this occur?"

"Last June. We were married late in April."

"Of course you have tried to trace her?"

"Yes, yes. I have reason to believe that she is in England now; for though her father, when I went down to her home at Steyning, told me she was not there, and that he knew nothing as to her whereabouts, yet her sister declined to see me: and after that I was forced to the conclusion that they did know where she was, but would not tell me."

"Why did you not insist upon their telling you?"

"You do not understand, Fred. I do not want to raise a scandal. I am convinced in my heart of hearts that Ellen was laboring under some strange delusion as to my identity when she left me, and I have thought it best to be patient until I can find her and get her to tell me what wrong she imagines I have done her."

"It is evident enough that she had seen you before the loss—before the restoration of her sight. Have you no recollection of ever having seen her?"

"None. She said she had never even heard my name until I told her it after the accident."

"Do you mind my going to her people to see what I can make of the mystery?"

"Not in the least."

They had now got to the Albion Groyne, and there parted for the night. George went on to Haxell's, where he was staying.

Mr. Mostyn turned back to find his fifth-floor rooms in the King's Road.

CHAPTER II.

MR. MOSTYN was not great in the matter of early rising; but about two of the afternoon clock he did actually find himself wandering out across the glorious South Downs in a southerly direction from Steyning, making inquiry as to his destination of sundry shepherds—for it is easy enough to get out of civilisation in the midst of these magnificent distances—and finally alighting upon the home of the Dales: a sweet old-world cottage in a garden, the garden all given over to a kind of friendly chaos, that yet appeared to know pretty well what it was about; and the cottage itself—well, Mr. Mostyn wondered where it had got to, for he could only see a bit of red roof, and some gleaming diamond window panes, and a great company of roses.

And when, having announced who he was, and been told by the tall, graceful, serious-looking girl who came to speak to him at the door that she was Miss Dale, he was bidden enter and rest, he soon felt quite at home in this idyllic little room with its open windows to east and west, its warm cocoa-nut matting and Jacob's-coat hearthrugs, and solid stupid chairs and tables that would surely have been accounted heathenish in South Kensington.

He was greatly charmed in spite of himself with his hostess.

He told her frankly the purport of his visit; and spoke a little diffidently, so that she might credit him with some honesty of purpose, which she was very likely not to do, he fancied, judging from the coldness and reserve of her manner.

"I cannot tell you where my sister is," she said, not at all defiantly, and yet resolutely enough.

"Do you know?"

"I do know."

He had been holding his hat on his knee, "going-immediately" fashion; but when she said this he put it on a little round side table, and leant back in his chair and looked at her rather stupidly.

"It is a singular answer you give me," he said. "May I ask why you will not tell me?"

"My sister cannot live with her husband again, and I cannot tell you where she is?"

Mr. Mostyn put his fingers through his hair.

"It is surely a small thing, a reasonable thing, I am asking," he said.

But she had got hold of a half-knitted stocking and was putting the needles in order, apparently unaware that he had said anything that required answering.

"Then may I ask you to tell me why my brother's wife left him at Leipsig?"

"That I do not know," Miss Dale said in a low voice.

Not for a moment did he doubt her; if ever woman spake truth this woman did; but her admission certainly amazed him.

"Do you mind my applying to your father?" he said.

"I do not mind."

"Would he tell me where George's wife is?"

"I think not."

"Oh!" he cried out suddenly, "pray do not be so cold and formal with me! You seem to quite ignore our relationship."

A shaft of solar rays was pouring in on her face through the rose tendrils; and he could plainly see the faint blush that came up to her cheeks to meet the radiant light. But she did not lose her wonderful self-possession.

"My father will be in presently," she said, "and you can speak to him on the subject if you desire to."

"But you would rather I did not?"

She looked him straight in the face.

"I would rather you did not," she said; and she had something else to say that he was glad and yet pained to hear. "You have been very frank with me, Mr. Mostyn, and if it were possible I would return your confidence. But I am wholly ignorant of the cause of my sister's refusing to live with her husband. I will tell you all I know about this very painful case. Ellen came here late one night, and left early the next morning. She came to beg me to promise that I would go to her at once should she send for me, but I could get her to tell me nothing as to why she had taken so serious a step. My sister has always been a peculiarly reticent girl; even as a child she could rarely be induced to take either her mother or myself into her confidence concerning matters which we could see greatly disturbed her. But of this I am certain, she has not acted in the present instance without some cause. I do not say that she was justified; I do not indeed know what to think about this strange trouble. But if you had seen her that night she came in here and sobbed in my arms as though her heart were breaking, I think you would have believed, as I did, and do still, Mr. Mostyn, that she was suffering under a sense of wrong so real and terrible that it had partially unhinged her mind. If she had been in the same state next day, I would not have let her leave the house."

Mr. Mostyn hardly knew what to say to all this; and he experienced a positive relief when Miss Dale said to him, putting the half-finished stocking on one side:

"But you will let me make you a cup of tea, will you not?"

And then out came a table-cloth as white as the roses peeping over the window-sills, and two teacups and saucers, and a dish of very primitive-looking cakes, and a loaf of brown bread, and some butter; and then they sat down, and the tea was poured out; and then, happening to glance across at the mantelpiece, Mr. Mostyn noticed thereon a letter bearing, in a feminine handwriting, the partially-concealed address:

"Mrs. De . . .
17 Dorrian St . . .
Tottenham Cou . . .
Lo . . ."

The partial concealment was caused by a sprig of honeysuckle having been thrown down before the letter; but Mr. Mostyn, fancying he had found a clue to the runaway young wife's whereabouts, did not mean to forget what he had seen.

"I don't remember. But did you understand me to say that I would make no further effort to find your sister?" he said.

"I did not so understand you," Miss Dale replied.

"I am very glad of that; for I would like to find her. And I think I may succeed, if she is in England. Is she in England?"

"Yes."

"Thank you."

Then he tempted her to ask him to have a second cup of tea, and while she was giving it to him he sounded her, with admirable delicacy of phrase, as to money matters in connection with his sister-in-law's absence, and was, with kindly decision, yet in a way which convinced him that further reference to the subject would be distasteful, given to understand that there was no ground for anxiety on this point.

"You do not believe, I hope, that I am actuated by idle curiosity in the matter?" he replied.

"No; I do not think that," she calmly replied.

He talked then of having to go. And yet he was sorry to have to go. His inclination was to hang on here, in this bower of roses, philandering till nightfall.

This woman was not as other women were in his eyes; she did not even dress like other women he knew and had known.

Was she a Quaker? He fancied she must be a Quaker.

Anyhow, her presence had a wonderful effect on his worn-out, shattered nerves, seeming somehow to throw over them a sort of refreshing, strengthening peace such as he had not known for many a long day.

Nor had he ever seen in a woman's head such clear, steadfast, restful eyes: they seemed to look out at him from a world he had lost for ever when he lost his boyhood.

He wondered if it were possible that she could know anything about him—about Brighton—about——

But he said:

"Might I ask you to give me a rose? He had his hat and stick in his hand; and she followed him outside and plucked a beauti-

ful half-blown white rose and gave it to him. He toyed with the rose a moment, standing before her. 'You have not told me your Christian name,' he said with a slight smile. 'Mine is Fred. It is so unnatural, you know, our calling each other "Miss" and and "Mr."'

She did not hesitate: "Lucy," she said.

Then he gave her his hand: "Good-night, Lucy."

"Good-night, sir," she said.

And then he went away. And a couple of days after that he rather startled a certain good lady living at 14 Anemone Crescent, by saying:

"What sort of a husband do you fancy I'd make, Mrs. Aclom?"

"That would depend a good deal on whom you married," was the guarded reply. "If you married a girl as lazy and frivolous as yourself, the result would be disastrous, I'm afraid. But if you married a sensible, quiet, sober-minded, Christian woman, of not less than twenty-five, I'm sure you would be much happier than you are now."

"You have guessed right," he said, laughing.

"Guessed what?" said Mrs. Aclom very quickly.

"Just listen," he said, getting suddenly serious. "Here is her portrait in outline: a woman whose face is not at all physically perfect, yet somehow wonderfully sweet, and gentle, and beautiful; clear, steadfast eyes that seem to tell you they never looked on shame; golden-brown hair that makes you think of congealed sunbeams; a forehead as calm as a sister of mercy's; and a voice of so sweet womanliness that one would like it to be the last sound one heard on earth."

He seemed lost in a kind of beatific trance.

But Mrs. Aclom was doubtful if a man who had allowed the world's pleasures to so sadly batter him about could in his heart mean what his words implied; and she thought it best not to discuss the matter just then.

"Yes," she said, "I think she will do. What is her name?"

"Lucy," he said.

CHAPTER III.

IN a dismal, crowded-out fashion, Dorian Street, Tottenham Court Road, had the appearance of being a more or less respectable thoroughfare.

Yet when Mr. Mostyn got to No. 17, and paused in momentary hesitation before the door to glance up and down the street, he could not imagine that Arcady could be anywhere near.

But the face of No. 17 appeared to be its misfortune; for the small maiden who opened the door in answer to his knock gave him a glimpse of such a costly furnished and neat and clean interior, that he became quite reconciled to the prospect of half an hour's incarceration therein.

"Is Mrs. Dale at home?" he asked pleasantly.

"No, sir, she ain't," the child said; "and ain't likely to be neither. Gone for a 'arf 'oliday in the country.',

"Oh, to Steyning?" he said.

"Dunno no Steyning," said the little child.

"And is no one at home but you my little one?"

"Me and 'er upstairs."

"You mean Mrs. Mostyn?"

"Dunno no Mrs. Mostyn. Missis calls 'er Nelly."

Now the man who hesitates is not necessarily lost; but Mr. Mostyn's hesitation here certainly lost him his dignity in the eyes of Mrs. Dale's diminutive housemaid.

"How long has Miss Nelly been staying here?" he asked, lowering his voice somewhat.

"Dunno," was the unsatisfactory reply. "Weeks. She's took bad. She's allays a-cryin'."

"What is she doing now, do you know?" and he sank his voice lower still as he asked this.

"Cryin', I dessay; she's allays cryin', day and night. Missis says she's fretted herself to a shadder."

Again Mr. Mostyn hesitated—and was again lost. This time it was his honor that ran the gauntlet.

"May I come in for a moment?" he said; and did not wait for yes or nay, but almost rudely pushed aside the astonished girl and closed the door behind him.

Then he gave her a piece of silver; but what he said to her need not be written down here.

It is only necessary to state the fact that the girl, grown very pale and scared-looking, led him quietly upstairs, motioned to him to stop on the second landing, then knocked very timidly at a door deep in shadow, opened it still more timidly, and said:

"Here's a gentleman Miss, wot wants to see yer;" and then crept downstairs again, leaving Mr. Mostyn standing just outside the open door of his brother's wife's room.

He could not see her; she could not see him; yet they stood within a few yards of each other.

"Mrs. Mostyn," he said, "I am your husband's brother. I desire to speak with you; but I not desire to force myself further into your presence. If you tell me to go from your door, and from this house, I will obey you."

There was a brief period of silence. Mr. Mostyn could hear his heart beat. Then a girl's voice—a voice turned to exquisite melody—said:

"Is my husband with you?"

"He is not."

"Is he in the street?"

"He is not in the street."

Then the faint rustling of a silk dress. Then the same singularly sweet and pathetic voice:

"You—please—come in."

She was standing on the hearth. She came forward to shake hands with him. She even tried to smile him welcome. But she kept her eyes bent on the floor: and it was easy to see that her impulse was to burst into tears the instant her hand touched his.

She placed a chair for him near the fire, and sat down opposite to him.

"Is my husband well?" she said, yet not looking at him.

"Yes, George is well enough in health, I think," he replied. "But I am afraid it will not last. He will soon break down under this strain."

His words sounded like nonsense to himself. But he did not wonder at that. This extraordinary-looking girl—weirdly beautiful yet almost repellent in personal appearance to a man cursed with a strong animal nature; spiritual in every fibre, yet obviously weak to untrustworthiness; a woman who might be very good, or very bad, or both!—he could not keep his eyes off her, and he was afraid to begin to talk lest she might not understand what he talked about.

"You do not—I hope you do not—think me rude in seeming to force my way into your room?" he said at last. "But something had to be done. This very painful state of affairs cannot continue."

She was tugging nervously at the trimming on her brown silk dress.

Her hands, like her face and the rest of her frame, were painfully thin.

She seemed exceeding anxious that he should not miss seeing her wedding ring. Poor girl! she had good cause.

"You are not offended at what I have done?" Mr. Mostyn said, entirely at a loss how to treat her.

"No, no!"

Already tears were in her voice; he felt quite sure she would soon break down. Yet he shrank from coming to the point.

He wanted her to look at him. He wanted to see the color of her eyes. She had not once looked him in the face.

"Mrs. Mostyn——" he said.

And then she slowly raised her head, and their eyes met. Only for a moment, however.

But he had assured himself that her eyes were light blue.

He drew his chair across the hearthrug closer to where she sat; he had made up his mind to speak to her as became the brother of a grievously-wronged husband.

But the role did not suit him, and he soon dropped into a tone of brotherly solicitude.

"I pray your pardon for coming to your room," he said; "but the necessity for doing something decisive seemed imperative. Your going away has made George a changed man: it has filled his heart with resentment and bitterness—no, no, not against you, but against the whole world; and I am afraid, Ellen—I have a right to call you Ellen, you know—that this strange step has also brought you very low in body and mind. What is the meaning of it, Ellen? George does not know; he cannot even make a reasonable guess. What is it that has gone wrong between you? I wish you would confide in me; if you will not, take what I think to be the better course, and confide in George. I assure you solemnly he does not know what wrong he has done you. I assure you solemnly he loves you as devotedly, as sincerely, as he ever did. He is utterly unconscious of having done you harm in deed, word, or thought. Ellen, do you doubt me? Can you doubt George?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT MURDERERS' ISLAND.

HERE she comes! Bang! bang! go the cannon; the flag is hoisted on Signal Hill; the long pier of Noumea, New Caledonia, is crowded with people; boats are manned with Kanaka crews and pulled out into the stream; officials, brilliant in scarlet and bullion, run hither and thither. Tarenta ra!

Taranta-ra! sound the bugles of the company of soldiers marching to take up its place on the quay. All is bustle and confusion.

From behind the point yonder creep sluggishly out a line of heavy black barges, brightened by the flash of steel and glimpse of crimson from the groups of soldiers in their stern.

As they glide into the harbor, you can hear the dismal clank of the chain from the rowers plying their oars.

They are convict barges, going out to meet the incoming vessel.

A ship of the old type, cumbrous and heavy-looking, the Fontenoy, carries an immense spread of sail, and looks, with the blaze of sunlight on her white canvas, like some huge bird with outspread wings.

Her flag is dipped and a puff of smoke curls from her side. Bang! She returns the salute from the island battery.

On board, the officers are assembled upon the deck, and files of marines line either side.

From the hatchway rises a confused murmur of voices. Let us go down the gangway and see the strange sight of men and women caged like wild beasts in a menagerie.

Through the centre of the vessel runs a passage, along which patrol night and day warders, armed with rifles and revolvers. On either side of this passage are cages barred with iron, and at the end of each cage, with its muzzle resting against the bars so that it sweeps the full length, stands a cannon, loaded with grape and canister.

Behind the bars are the caged beasts, with cropped bullet heads, pale, sinister faces, and sullen eyes.

Some with their long, thin fingers grasp the bars and shake them in impotent rage.

What the sniff of blood is to the tiger, the prospect of once more touching land and breathing fresh air is to these desperate beings.

For three months and a half they have been cooped up in this horrible den, breathing this stifling, noisome air, eating the wretched food thrust to them through the bars, and now they are to land.

Wild snatches of song, shrieks, and curses are heard. The warders are powerless to quell the tumult.

The vessel anchors, and the officials of the French penal settlement come aboard to present their compliments to the captain, and bid him welcome with his cargo of convicts.

The long line of dingy barges trailing its length through the harbor comes alongside the vessel.

Then the doors of the cages are unbarred, and the convicts slowly march up to the deck between two lines of armed warders.

They file down the wide ladder into the barges, and are rowed ashore to "Murderers' Island," as this ocean gaol has been termed.

All the inhabitants of the sleepy little town of Noumea, whose galvanized iron roofs glitter in the bright sunlight and dazzle the eyes, have come down to see the convicts land.

The white coats and pith hats of the onlookers, gathered beneath the shade of the bananas, the cocoa palms, and mooli trees, are in strong contrast to the black skins and frizzled mops of hair, decorated with gay ribbons and bright flowers, of the Kanaka police, armed with spears and murderous-looking waddies.

Soldier, gaol warders, and native police line the rough roadway from the jetty at which the convicts land. As they step ashore they are formed into order of procession, and then move on their way to the prisons of Nou and Montravel.

"Ile Nou" is a name to shudder at. Being some distance from the mainland, this small island is made a prison-house for the scum of French convict life. It has a terrible record.

Do you see this breadth of water tinted a lovely blue, and almost without a ripple on its surface?

It swarms with sharks. One day No. 7034 came down to the water-side just as the sunset gun was being fired from the men-of-war lying in the harbor. No. 7034 had been a barrister in Paris and had committed a murder—poisoning his victim. He spent ten years on this wretched island, and now has escaped.

He skulks about the shore for an hour, and rids himself of his chains; then creeps on all fours to the water's edge and plunges in.

"Look! what is that?"

It is the guard boat. It comes nearer. He is forced to lift his head.

"Mercy, mercy, Monsieur!"

There is a click! He knows the sound only too well, and waits his end.

"No, no, my dear Charles," says a very quiet voice; "it is unnecessary. Let him go."

No. 7034 swims on with thankfulness in his heart; but there is a strange phosophorescent gleam in the water, and the black fin of a shark cuts the surface.

"Now, keep your eyes open. Ah, he has him!"

No. 7034 sees his enemy. He makes a fearful struggle; there is a wild, bubbling shriek.

"I said so, Charles," and he lights a cigarette; "the little pets of Ile Nou know their business. One scoundrel the less. The shark is an excellent warder."

Leaving the water's edge, let us ascend to that long, low, brick building, half hidden among the luxuriant tropical foliage. It is the "Murderers' Cage."

Cooped in there are over a hundred men under sentence for murder; some for murder repeated twice and thrice.

Look at the terrible faces that peer out from between the iron-barred windows. Yonder are the workshops where convicts work at their trades. In these workshops you will find tradesmen and mechanics of every class.

Now let us enter this gloomy portal. It leads us to the quadrangle, the place of execution.

"M'sieur, the executioner!"

We are introduced. M'sieur is a tall, intelligent, bright-eyed man. He is an enthusiast.

"This," M'sieur explains, as he takes up one from a little row of plaster casts neatly arranged on a shelf in his official apartment—"this is very fine. Monsieurs will notice the closed eyelids, the mouth a 'leetle' open, just as if with the breath. That is excellent," and he admires the ghastly object.

It is the cast of a head after the guillotine had severed it from the trunk.

"Hanging? Ah, no, Monsieurs. It is brutal: it is American; but the French, he is above all things artistic. Voila!"

Such is a "peep" at the beautiful tropical island of New Caledonia in the south Pacific Ocean, made by the French into a gaol for the most abandoned and degraded of their criminals.

Scientific and Useful.

INDESTRUCTIBLE.—A Parisian, claims to have invented a paper indestructible by fire. Specimens have been exhibited which had been for four hours in a pottery furnace. He has also invented incombustible colors and inks.

SPLITTING PAPER.—An easy way to split a sheet of paper, is to soak it thoroughly and spread it out on a pane of glass. With careful handling, the upper half can then be peeled off. The lower will stick to the glass until it becomes dry.

LAMP-WICKS.—It is claimed that a mixture four parts sawdust, two parts powdered clay, one part powdered glass, one part cotton dust and six parts of sea sand will, when moistened and fired at red heat, yield a very permanent and porous material for lamp wicks.

FALSIFICATION OF WRITING.—A French paper, devoted to the paper manufacture, states that any alterations or falsifications of writings in ordinary ink may be rendered impossible by passing the paper upon which it is intended to write through a solution of gallic acid in pure distilled water. After the paper thus prepared has become thoroughly dry, it may be used as ordinary paper for writing; but any attempt made to alter, falsify, or change anything written thereon will be left perfectly visible, and may thus be readily detected.

CEMENT FOR LEATHER.—A cement for leather is made by mixing ten parts of sulphide of carbon with one of oil of turpentine, and then adding enough guttapercha to make a tough, thickly-flowing liquid. One essential pre-requisite to a thorough union of the parts consists in freedom of the surfaces to be joined from grease. This may be accomplished by laying a cloth upon them and applying a hot iron for a time. The cement is then applied to both pieces, the surfaces brought in contact, and pressure applied until the joint is dry.

FLIES.—A Boston contemporary, says that flies can be recut by cleaning them and placing them in acidulated water between two plates of carbon and closing the circuit so as to form a real voltaic cell. The hydrogen liberated clings to the points of the teeth of the file, protecting them from further action, but the cutting action proceeds freely over the remainder of the file. This process speedily brings back the teeth of an old file to the original shape and dimensions, and does not merely sharpen them, but practically recuts the file without necessitating either softening or retempering the metal.

Farm and Garden.

KIND TREATMENT.—When a man is frightened or angry his digestive organs do not work; this is also true of an animal; hence the profit in keeping it in a peaceful and fearless state by kind treatment.

THE THERMOMETER.—Use one of these in the stable, cellar and wherever you wish to know the temperature, and you will save many crops that are stored and also avoid cases of sickness among the animals.

PAINT.—A mixture of one part of hydraulic cement six parts lime, made to the proper consistency by the addition of skimmed milk, and applied with a brush, makes an excellent substitute for paint. When whitewashing use skimmed milk with the lime instead of water, and the whitewash will be more durable.

MILKING.—Improper milking, lazy milking, incomplete milking, one-handed milking, forcing dry a perpetual milker, or drying off too soon, or neglect that causes garget, or too seldom relieving the udder, are frequent causes of spoiling a good cow. Indeed, milking a cow is a fine art when properly conducted, and the most important work in the whole dairy business, and the most important element in the individual cow culture.

THE BARNYARD.—In some cases a large barnyard might well be divided into two or more smaller ones for different classes of live stock. A fruitful source of loss is the keeping of weak animals with vigorous ones; young with old; horses with cattle, sheep and hogs. By letting one set of animals out of the stables or pens at one time and another at another, it may be possible to get along with a single yard, yet the best plan, when much stock is kept, is to have several yards.

SHEEP, HEN AND HOG.—For a farm manure the sheep is surpassed only by the hen, and rivaled only by the hog. It is much easier to save manure from the sheep, less of the liquid being lost. Owing to the dryness of the soil, most of the liquid is soaked up and saved, while that of the cattle is lost, or saved only in expensive tanks or cemented cellars. Sheep, while on grass scatter their manure much more evenly, and it is, therefore, of much greater value. Thus wherever sheep are kept the land is found to increase in fertility.

PROF. SEMMOLA of the University of Paris, in an article published in the Gazette Medicale de Paris, says: "Dryness of the skin, imperfect digestion and transformation of albuminoid food are present at the beginning of chronic Bright's Disease." Warner's Safe Cure removes digestive disorders. Why? Because it enables the kidneys to perform their functions in a healthy manner, when both cause and resulting symptoms disappear.

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Trustworthiness.

We all know people who are eminently trustworthy. We all know those who are just as much the reverse. In the world of each of us exists the man or woman in whom we believe as in the sun that shines in the sky above—who is as faithful as the needle to the pole, as solid as the granite rock.

If such a one promises a thing, we regard it as already done.

And we have the solemn word of the "Sweet Singer of Israel" that among those who are to abide in the Tabernacle and dwell on the Holy Hill is "He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not."

So that to have trust, without which society would fall to pieces like a pack of cards, we must have trustworthiness, and that kind of steadfastness which never falters nor fails.

Other things besides this truth, this steadfastness, are wanted for absolute trustworthiness. One is that trust, on its own side, which does not easily take offence.

When we have to do with extremely susceptible people, we are never able to trust.

We never know what gadfly of suspicion may not have stung them in the watches of the night; what crooked thoughts may not have warped their straighter perception; what wireworm of sensitive vanity may not have gnawed the roots of their faith.

Such people as these are on the look out for causes of offence; and that for which we look we generally find.

No matter how much pain it gives—"For to be wroth with one we love, Doth work like madness in the brain"—that pain is given as diligently as when we ourselves turn the knife in our own self-inflicted wound.

Years of constant care and faithful serving count for nothing against a moment's fancied slight, the forgetfulness of an hour, the absent-mindedness of pre-occupation, the passing by of extreme hurry.

Where can there be trustworthiness with such a nature? It is like a plant that has to be perpetually tended. Left to the elements, by which the hardy oak lives and thrives, it dies to the very root. It has no trust, consequently no trustworthiness.

On the other hand, there are souls of a perfect steadfastness. They never suspect. If it is wanted to offend them, the offence must be patent, else they make excuses in their own minds for such and such seeming neglect.

Trustworthy on their own side, they are trustful as the corollary.

But these are the people who suffer. They have given the trust they knew would be sacred and well responded to if given to them.

Thinking no evil, because meaning none, they do not understand the first shadowings of the coming eclipse.

When not invited, where all others are pressed to go to the house of a friend whom they have not intentionally offended, and for whom they still have the trust of love, they have no harder thought than the natural half sigh: "I wish they had asked me too."

It is a thought that means regret, but no suspicion and no reproach. As time goes on, however, and the once quite explainable exclusion becomes marked and evident, that trust begins to ask itself more seriously for causes of justification.

When the hard word is repeated, and it comes to the innocent friend's ears that this other, faithful among the faithless, has taken causeless offence of a grave and deadly kind, then is the heart that trusted made all the more sorrowful because of that trust.

Had there been kept in reserve the smallest corner of suspicion things would not have been quite so bad.

All feelings are like the ferment of yeast—they are able to spread rapidly when once started; but where there is not even a germ, it is a revolution which disturbs, distracts, overthrows.

And how often this kind of severance comes when least expected and when utterly groundless! Like a bolt out of the blue sky there suddenly falls down a pall of blackness, a shower of ice, between two friends, who have, up to now, been firm and faithful allies.

Still, the better thing is to trust, as the trustworthy do. Let there be this disappointment and that—the one swallow that does not make the summer may stand good as an inverse comparison.

One mistaken instance—one bad investment—nay, nor two, nor three, nor seventy times seven!—they do not make the whole moral law wrong.

Let the heart be wrung here by ingratitude and there by insincerity—by unfaithfulness, by untrustworthiness, by that inner falsehood which is part of the very fibre of some natures—the law of the better creed is imperative.

We must needs trust where we love. We must needs trust as we ourselves are trustworthy.

NOTHING is so easy to form, or so hard to overcome, as a habit, whether it be mental or mechanical—a habit of thought or a habit of person. And of all, none is so easy and persistent, not to speak of mischievous and destructive, as the habit of detraction. It is such a temptation to get into the way of seeing the worst of every one, and turning up the seamy side of everything; and, ghoulish as is the satisfaction of fattening our own lean reputations on the destruction of another's, there is a selfish value in it also, as thereby we show forth ourselves so much the better by the force of contrast. For, all things being relative in this world, and nothing absolute, if we can but paint another's complexion of a full black, our own doubtful white seems snow-colored, and even our dusky gray not so very far removed from white.

IT is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the most of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. Where we are, and what we are, is God's providential arrangment, and the wise and manly way is to look our advantages in the face and see what can be made of them. Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. Poor mediocrity may do that; but he is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes; organize victory out of mistakes.

YOU have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be free from them. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean.

IF a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter—speaking as to the concernments of this world—if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation while he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end.

IDLENESS is the nursery of crime. It is that prolific germ of which all ranks and poisonous vices are the fruits. It is the source of temptation—it is the field where "the enemy sows tares while men sleep." Could we trace the history of a large class of vices, we should find that they originate from the want of employment, and are brought in to supply its place.

A BETTER subject for young men to meditate upon was never written than the following by Swift: "No man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them." Young men do not fail in pursuits in life because they lack ability to succeed, half as often as from the neglect to study the real calibre of their minds.

THE tyranny of habit is the most crushing despotism. The chains forged by another are shaken off with comparative ease, but those fabricated by ourselves too frequently fetter our limbs as long as life continues. Hence it is of the utmost importance in early life to adopt good habits, which, in time, become a second nature to us.

MEN who live alone among their books can scarcely ever take the just measure of their own minds. A little conversation with business or society soon clears the judgment, and the running stream shakes off the mantling self conceit which has creamed in repose.

SCRATCH the green rind of a sapling, wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred or crooked tree will tell the act for years to come. How forcibly does this figure teach the necessity of giving right tendencies to the minds and hearts of the young.

A MAN is by nothing so much himself as by his temper and the character of his passions and affections. If he loses what is manly and worthy in these, he is as much lost to himself as when he loses his memory and understanding.

THE fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts.

THE religious pleasures of a well-disposed mind move gently, and therefore constantly. It does not affect by ecstasy and rapture, but is like the pleasure of health, still and sober.

HE that hath pity on another man's sorrow shall be free from it himself, and he that delighteth in and scorneth the misery of another shall one time or other fall into it himself.

TRUTH cannot be found without some labor and attention of the mind, and the thoughts dwelling a considerable time upon the survey and discussion of each particular.

THE habit of resolving without acting is worse for us than never resolving at all, inasmuch as it gradually maps the natural connection between thought and deed.

THOSE who are in the power of evil habits must conquer them as they can; and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained.

THE business of constancy chiefly is, bravely to stand to, and stoutly to suffer those inconveniences which are not otherwise possible to be avoided.

THERE is not any benefit so glorious in itself but it may be exceedingly sweetened and improved by the manner of conferring it.

IF people would do what they have to do, they would always find themselves ready for what comes next.

The World's Happenings.

There are 3,064 languages known.

The total number of religions is 1,100.

There are 433,000,000 adherents to Christianity.

There are 275 "lady clergymen" in this country.

The egg of the ostrich equals twenty two hen's eggs.

Dancing is said to be declining in popularity in England.

The total number of inhabitants on the globe is 1,435,000,000.

Fifty colored men are studying for the priesthood in Rome.

Five colored men have been elected to the Texas Legislature.

It costs $25 fine or thirty days in jail to sell boys cigarettes in Ohio.

Fifty cats perished in a fire in Scioto township, Ohio, the other day.

In the Philippine Islands a wild flower a yard in diameter has been discovered.

Half a dozen men in New York make a living by winding and regulating clocks.

In 1869 the ladies of the country wore $2,000,000 worth of wire in their hoopskirts.

It cost $1 apiece to lay the bricks in the ceiling of the New York Assembly chamber.

One White, of Chattanooga, Ga., has carried a coin as a pocket-piece for upwards of half a century.

The quarrels of lovers are like summer showers, that leave the country more verdant and beautiful.

The total expense of cultivating an acre of grapes in California is $15. The net profit in raisins is $80 an acre.

A girl in Pittsburg is suffering from blood poisoning, attributed to a penny which she swallowed some months ago.

Some citizens of San Diego have petitioned the members of the California Legislature to refrain from using tobacco.

A French scientist has recently computed the height of Adam as 122 feet and that of Eve as 118. No wonder they fell.

Jim Robbins, of Franklin, Ind., has been sent to the penitentiary for two years for stealing two chickens valued at fifty cents.

A Dubuque (Iowa) man has just shipped 1100 cats and 200 dogs to Dakota, where the animals are wanted to exterminate ground mice.

In Paso del Norte, Mexico, they have inaugurated a series of Sunday bull fights to raise money with which to purchase a town clock.

Persons who go through the streets of Alexandria, Va., singing or whistling after 10 o'clock at night can be arrested for disorderly conduct.

In New York city, according to a prominent merchant of that place, 7000 book-keepers are looking for work, which they would gladly do for $10 a week.

There are about 11,000 remedies mentioned in the fifteenth edition of the "United States Dispensatory;" yet poor humanity gets sick and sore just as usual.

An eight year old lad, Richard Freeman, of St. Louis, while trying to see how long he could hold his breath, burst a blood vessel, and a few moments later died.

Dentists in Cedar Falls, Iowa, are likely to have an opportunity to go fishing. An Indian "doctor" visited the town, and during a few days stay extracted nearly a thousand teeth.

The hangman at Fort Smith, Ark., who has sprung the trap on about seventy men, says that if the condemned will only behave himself and follow directions he can make his death as painless as turning over in bed.

A California paper remarks that it's likely, if Santa Cruz gets a new jail, "the present practice of the prisoners climbing out and going down town to find the Sheriff when they want him will probably be discontinued."

A Brooklyn woman was so pleased on hearing of the suicide of a despised acquaintance that she celebrated the event by hanging an American flag out of the window of her residence. Indignant neighbors asked the police to haul down the flag, but they decided not to interfere, on the ground that their authority did not extend so far.

The particular office of flies appears to be the consumption of those dead and minute animals whose decaying myriads would otherwise poison the air. A single fly will sometimes produce 20,000 larvæ each of which, in a few days, may be the parent of another 20,000, and thus the descendants of three flies will soon devour an animal much larger than a horse.

Walter Biggs, aged 10 seeing a girl break through the ice on the lake in Syndicate Park, South Omaha, quickly told his playmates to take each other by the hand and allow him to go to her assistance. The boy reached her as she was sinking for the third time, and, seizing her by the hand, with the assistance of the rest of the line, pulled her ashore.

A dog belonging to D. R. Dingwall, of Fair Haven, Conn., aroused the family about 11 o'clock one night recently by persistent barking, and then ran to a place about a block away, came back, repeated the performance, and at last induced Mr. Dingwall to go out and investigate. He found a man who had fallen and hurt himself so that he could not rise.

A fish story, which makes up for any inactivity there has been of late in that line of literature:—Two fishermen at Peabaw Lake who baited a line with shiner and put it through the ice, noticed a great commotion presently, took it from the water when it was found that a white perch weighing about half a pound had first swallowed the bait, and then an enormous pickerel had swallowed both the perch and its prize.

I REMEMBER.

BY WM. W. LONG.

I remember all you told me,
Heart to heart as we did stand;
And my soul found out its purpose,
Sweet as flowers in your hand.
As above us, pure and holy,
Great Love waved his glory wand.

When no more I see you, darling,
Kiss your mouth, or hold your hand,
My great love will guard you ever.
With the faith we understand;
Side by side in soul we'll wander
To the bright Elysian Land.

In Wayward Mood.

BY J. LACEY.

"WHEN do you leave the priory for Bullerton?—You go there as usual, I suppose?"

"Yes; in about a fortnight's time, I expect. But it may be earlier, for papa is apt to fix his dates precipitately. It is our chronic grievance—aunt's and mine."

"And Basil—I beg his pardon; Mr. Colbourne—man of affairs as he has now become—Basil will find time to run down again and again while you are there."

It was more soliloquy than interrogation. But Marion Weir answered it.

"Yes; it is Basil's custom, and it breaks the monotony nicely."

The conversation was taking place in the great bay window of the old-fashioned Priory drawing-room.

The soft summer breeze had blown in through the open window a cluster of trellised roses, and heedless of his action, Arthur Hammersley began a career of havoc. In no long space the rug at his feet was strewn with torn petals. And Marion Weir spoke no word to stay the work of destruction.

Was the fair flower of young romance in process of being shattered also?

"Very possibly, though I am sorry to hear you say it," returned Arthur Hammersley, with a refreshing bluntness in complete keeping with his character of a bluff young sailor. "And no doubt it suits Colbourne too, for some purpose, even if Richmond is nearer. I hope he isn't meditating treachery. That would be very discreditable, in spite of the contentment it might bring to Mrs. Colbourne. If he talks nonsense, Marion, there are two reasons why you should not listen to him. One is that I don't like him a bit. The other I am not at liberty to answer with particularity. If you do encourage him—understand me plainly—I believe mischief will come of it, which you would be first to regret."

"Basil is my cousin——"

"Pshaw! The son of your father's half-sister."

"—And as my cousin, I certainly shall not snub him at any one's dictation. Basil is kind and gentlemanly. I don't think he would indulge in threats. And I wonder from whence your right comes, Lieutenant Hammersley, to point out my duty and use menace. You take too much upon yourself."

The words were very icy. They stung the hearer like a shower of hailstones, though the voice never lifted from its old sweet level.

On occasions Marion Weir could speak passionately with no show of passion.

And now she was vexed quite past endurance.

A few girlish words won from her lips long ago—which, after all, meant very little—were all he had to go upon as a basis for privilege, and yet here was Arthur Hammersley, with hardy presumption, laying down lines upon which he actually ordered that she should rule her conduct. Without ever taking the trouble to ask her plainly to be his wife, he was arrogating more than the authority of the accepted lover.

The young lieutenant turned from the window, walked the length of the room, and came back.

He was sturdy of build, fair and handsome. You instinctively thought of the boisterous wholesome ocean that was his chosen element as you looked into his fearless face.

"Don't let us have a serious difference just as the 'Satrap' sails, even if it is our first," he said, gloom in his eyes, care drawing a rugged line across his forehead.

A slight shrug of Marion's shoulders was perceptible. And it boded ill for the success of his appeal.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to give me a rough clue to the second reason which you spoke of—why I should treat my cousin with coldness, seeing that I do not recognise the first as sufficient," she said.

"No, I decline to do that."

Decision vibrated in the answer.

Whether amity would have triumphed in the long run over discord, if the talk had continued, the day was not destined to reveal.

The door opened, and Mrs. Colbourne entered. She was a woman of strong character and presence, with one object in life—to advance what she imagined to be the interests of her son, a clever young stock-broker. And the leading item in her present programme was to bring about a match between Basil and his half-cousin Marion.

As since her widowhood she had been installed as Maynard Weir's housekeeper—in place of the mother Marion could but faintly remember—she possessed opportunities in abundance for the match-making diplomacy, dear always to the feminine heart. Hammersley knew her for his foe.

With a slow, languid movement which was a natural disguise for the promptitude and vigilance that belonged to her real habit of mind, she crossed the room and held out her hand.

"You will be making a stay of some duration at the manor?" she said suavely, after a few commonplaces, noting with vivid interest the shadows on the visitors countenance and the constraint in her niece's manner.

"No, I go to-morrow," Arthur Hammersley replied.

So soon! And perhaps for years; perhaps for aye.

There was a tremor of relenting at Marion's heart. But a sense of secret disappointment stepped in to steel her still against the laggard in love. If he really cared for her as he had led her to believe, why had he not sought a straightforward engagement.

Mrs. Colbourne grew conspicuously gracious.

"We have seen but little of you," she said reproachfully. "Is not your departure abrupt?"

"Very; I have scarcely been in Holtwood at all. The pater carried me off with him you see. On our return last night I found waiting orders in the shape of a telegram transfering me to the 'Satrap', which sails for Singapore at the end of the week. It has put all my plans out of gear. I was expecting no such command."

"The squire will be discontented."

"He is—very. Now Dick is with his regiment. Is Mr. Weir returning from town to-night?"

Marion was addressed, but it was her aunt who answered.

"We do not expect him," she said.

Mrs. Colbourne was astute. Not a chance of further explanation with Marion did Hammersley get the long afternoon through, until he finally stood in the outer porch, hat in hand. Somehow Marion was with him then.

"I have displeased you: you are frigid," he said in low tones, bitterly.

The girl was silent.

"Is the past dead, I wonder? In a fortnight I could have spoken. Now must it be only good-bye?"

It was an enigmatical speech, and Marion puzzled over it after. But her hauteur did not yield.

The delinquent offered no syllable of apology, and Marion merely echoed his word of farewell.

"Good-bye!"

To know what a young girl really wishes in her heart of hearts when the disposal of her hand is in question, is a problem as likely to baffle the man of power and intellect as the average guardian.

Perhaps more so, for its conditions are not those which can be determined by will and capacity, however imperious and considerable.

This difficulty was troubling one of the foremost civil engineers of his day, Maynard Weir—marked out infallibly for knighthood when a certain great bridge was opened—acknowledged to himself that here he was totally at a loss.

If fortune had given him a son instead of a daughter, he believed he could have tracked the true bent of the boy's inclinations.

Or if Marion's mother had lived, he might also have escaped his present solicitude. But as things had fallen out, a heavy load seemed to rest on the wrong shoulders.

Marion's half-anticipation of a rush to the coast on an abbreviated notice had been justified by the event, and the Weirs were installed in familiar quarters at Bullerton.

On the fourth morning after their arrival a letter had followed them from Basil Colbourne, which gave a reward for many earnest persuasions to Mrs. Colbourne, and a season of sharp anxiety to her brother.

"It is to me, and brief, and to the point. Basil asks me for my daughter. I must see Marion about a reply," the latter moodily said.

"Indeed!"

The widow rightly judged that it was time for reticence, and practiced it accordingly.

"I suppose Marion will accept him. You at all events, will be pleased, Honora; and that is something."

The intonation of the last sentence was peculiar.

Irony was in it, and a somure bitterness, and a quasi-suspicion as involuntary, as, surely, on the surface devoid of excuse.

And still the equable eyes—at fifty but little abated in their lustre—parried his glance, and seemed to marvel at his restless manner.

"I admit at once that I shall be very glad. Marion and Basil are in every way suited for each other. He will enter politics, and she will be a great social success."

"Well, Marion must decide."

The girl was in one of the rooms of the Crescent House, which at some date had been used as an atelier. All its arrangements showed this.

Marion usually brought it back for a space to its original purpose.

She had an easel up now and was putting in tints of pronounced vermilion on a sketch of a jumble of roofs in the fishing quarter of Bullerton.

She worked with a curious feverish eagerness, as her father came to her side and critically inspected the canvas.

"Will it be like, papa? Or is it a hopeless daub, and am I a ridiculous impostor?" she asked.

"Humph! The general effect is rather pretty. But the color in your brush is too vivid. The tile was never baked that was of that hue. Don't lose the touch of reality at the finish, Marion."

The white, low brow puckered, a shadow descended on the mirror of the liquid, grey-blue eyes; strangely rigid lines formed about the rosebud of a mouth.

Did her father intend his advice to have a double application?

The attitude of her mind was one of revolt and resistance.

"The sketch is a failure; there, let it go, I'll try a different subject next."

And the impulsive girl laid down palette and brush and wheeled away her easel into an obscure corner.

This done, she came back, and faced her parent with a strange, apologetic, uncertain smile on her winsome face.

Marion was beautiful at all times, with features exquisitely formed, a piquant carriage of the small golden head, and a slight but shapely figure.

But when battling with dubious success against her chronic temptations to be headstrong and rash, and conscious that she was partially worsted in the strife, she flushed as Aurora might; and every charm was heightened.

"The powder of impatience was waiting for the match, papa, and you happened to bring about the explosion," she said.

The listener sighed.

His task had, however, to be attempted and he went straight to business.

"I trust, Marion, you will not be too impatient to attend very carefully to what I have to say," he began. "You brought the post-bag in this morning. I thing you are therefore, aware that I got a note from your cousin Basil?"

"Yes."

"A letter which wholly concerns you. I was anticipating a communication relative to the purchase of stocks; but Basil has forgotten that. He makes you an offer of marriage through me; thus, he says insuring my consent. A bold assumption is there. But I pass it by. The questions I want answered are these: Does my little girl feel that she can render to Basil Colbourne wifely love and obedience? Is he the choice of her heart? I used to fancy that the event when it came—and there is no hurry now; you are only twenty—would wear another face; that Arthur Hammersley, of whom we have seen nearly as much since we moved to Holtwood as of Basil, would be the favored suitor. And I will be quite explicit. Though Colbourne is of my own kith and kin, I like Hammersley better. He is every inch a man. There is downrightness about him too—an air of command—that I thought likely to win upon a girl's imagination. People say girls like masters. I am a little surprised if, after all, if it is Basil: and a little sorry also."

"It—is—Basil."

The words were spoken faintly, but they were emphatic.

"Then may Basil Colbourne justify your love," he gravely said.

Gently raising the girl's averted face, he kissed her throbbing brow, and for this hour left her.

And Marion's eyes looked out on vacancy with the stony gaze of despair. What had she done in wayward mood.

Bullerton has still the recommendations of quaintness, neglect and insignificance.

This was why Maynard Weir preferred it as an autumn retreat to gayer places.

Its beauties were his own pet discovery, and with the pardonable selfishness of the connoisseur he was silent concerning them when a letter over his name in the papers would infallibly have brought other visitors.

Why should the British tourist be rampant everywhere?

His women-folk had latterly found it a trifle dull.

But now the quietude by which she had been minded to mock as rivaling that of Tadmor in the wilderness, was grateful to Marion.

It relieved her from the strain of perpetually carrying a cheerful face over a heart as heavy as lead.

The sea has a message of peace for many cares, and a balm for many sorrows. But not for such as Marion Weir. It rather seemed to accuse her.

Yet she was more than ever at its side, drawn thither by a fascination, one source of which she recognized with shame and sharp contrition.

In defiance of all coercion, her thoughts were with a young sailor outward bound, as she believed, to China seas.

She told herself that she did well to be angry, on the one hand, at Arthur Hammersley's remissness as a wooer, and on the other at his pretensions to control her conduct.

But now that resentment, re-kindled by her father's ill-timed reference to Hammersley's strength of character, had carried Marion to decison as hasty as it promised to be hateful, the girl sat by the hour in her favorite nook by the side of a primitive pier on the narrow neck of land, haunted mainly by fisher-folk, which interposed between the river and the wide sweep of Bullerton Bay.

She listened to the winks of the western sea as they wailed to her of love's blindness and inconstancy.

And here two men found her.

The first was Basil Colbourne, dark, dapper, spick and span from head to foot, but hardly as radiant as his circumstances might seem to warrant.

To Mrs. Colbourne he had been chilly and unresponsive, which was a poor recompense for her endeavors to wed him to an heiress, and made her spirits sink.

He had inquired for Marion's father; but he was out on the moors. Then under the guidance of memory, Basil walked straight to Buller Point.

It was a queer meeting.

No light of welcome shown on Marion's face; no hungry appeal for it in the young eyes.

Marion was alone.

They were secure from eaves-droppers, and it was possible to come at once to the curious disclosure which must be made.

"I knew pretty well whither to turn my steps when I heard you were out on the beach," he said, a little stiffly; "but I looked to find you sketching—idealising the prose of fisher life."

"No. I'm an incorrigible idler," she answered, disdaining flattery.

"Of course you were expecting me? I was in duty bound to come."

A quiver ran over Marion's frame. She looked up, and her glance was hard and haughty.

"Stop, please, there are just a few words you must hear now, and at the beginning," she said, almost fiercely; "it will not be fair to hide what I cannot help or alter. perhaps if—if you had asked me in person we should have come to a better understanding. Though I do not reproach papa: the fault is mine—mine. I must take back my promise. I cannot care enough. I cannot be your wife. It was all a miserable mistake."

The clouds cleared as if by magic from the young stock-broker's countenance at surely the very moment they ought to have grown denser.

He drew a long breath.

"You will never guess how you have relieved me," he went on. "That letter was sent astray. It should have gone to John Forest, a surgeon at Richmond, of whose son, Reginald, you will have heard Lieutenant Hammersley speak. They were

school chums, and have been shipmates since. I hope to marry Miss Mary Forest. I thought Hammersley might have told you; he would be certain to know from Reggie. I was astounded when I received uncle's letter, and saw of what ridiculous carelessness I had been guilty."

Fast friends, but lovers never, they walked back in amicable converse up the long lane to Crescent House.

The news was heard within by Mrs. Colbourne with profound chagrin, and, later, by Maynard Weir with amazement, passing into satisfaction.

* * * * * *

Half a week went by. Marion was ensconced in the shadow of a fishing-lugger, toning down the over-conspicuous red on the selfsame sketch which she had formerly put aside as worthless.

A step she knew sounded upon her ear.

"I was directed vaguely out amongst the crab-nets to my lonely sailor's lass. And I've steered true. Am I forgiven, Marion?"

Not "Miss Weir" even now! How precisely like the dear gallant fellow it was! And fickle, faithful Marion began to think that assurance on some lips had its charms.

"But—you are en route to Singapore!"

Arthur Hammersley laughed, with a humor chastened by other emotions than that of mirth.

"Am I? then it's very strange. Didn't suppose I was a wraith!" he said. "No, Marion, my love, my life. But I was very near to going. The 'Satrap' showed a dangerous bit of plating on a final inspection and was delayed for three weeks. I ascertained that my transfer could be altered if I took the trouble to ask. But what was there for me to stay in England for? Nothing. I thought you meant marrying Colbourne, whether it wrecked two other people's happiness or not."

"It was Miss Forest you spoke of that evening!"

"Yes. And for myself I could not plead. My brother Dick contracted a mesalliance—his wife is dead—when he was just of age. And the pater had bound me by a promise not to make an offer to any girl until I was twenty-five, the number of his own years, I believe, when he became engaged to my mother. The period of probation is up now. Will you be a sailor's wife, Marion? From Basil I have received a message which gives me hope."

It was a very glad voice that whispered "Yes."

But Marion was not content without adding a full confession.

In return Arthur Hammersley merely answered in his decisive way—

"Somebody else will take my place on board the 'Satrap.' I shall wire instantly to Captain Richings. He'll manage it for me."

"So you took my counsel, Marion, and saved the finish," slily whispered Marion's father.

"I shall always tremble, papa, to reflect on what might have so easily have happened through my perverseness," the girl answered, with a new and happy meekness.

The Silver Lining.

BY E. W. P.

OF course, when our father died, Elaine and I had to leave the Manse, which had been for ten years our home, and that was one of the bitterest troubles in our lives. We did so love the dear old place. But it had to be, for poor papa's successor was already appointed.

It's a truth that troubles never come singly. Here we had just lost the dearest of parents, we had to leave our home and we knew not what to do, or scarcely where to go.

One thing, or rather two, alone were certain, that we *must* go, and also work for our own living, for when all the little outstanding debts were paid, the doctor for papa, and the last sad ceremonies, we had but twenty pounds in all the world.

People who knew knothing about it said it was a shame of papa; by which they meant—for he was the most generous of men—that charity should begin at home; but that papa never could understand.

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," was his motto, and he never could keep his hand out of his pocket on hearing of a case of real distress.

Thus, for the living was but a small one, nothing was ever saved out of his income.

If anyone blamed him, we, his daughters, did not. Heaven bless him; but one did blame him cruelly; the only relation we had in the world, his half-brother, Ambrose Warne, a retired merchant, and wealthy, but miserly, crabbed of disposition. He quarreled with papa for his extravagant benevolence," and when, during mamma's last illness, papa, being in great straits, applied to him for help, he refused downright, throwing, as the saying is, his "foolish charity," in his teeth.

When papa died, of course we told Uncle Ambrose, who, in a brief, business-like letter, offered us assistance, as, of course, using his own words, "our father's charity and benevolence had left his children beggars."

Elaine and I at once decided we would accept nothing from him, and, in a short, coldly civil reply, told him so, saying plainly we could not be beholden to one who had refused our dear father help in his greatest need. We quite approved of all papa had done, and were ready and willing to work for our living as he had.

There was our trouble—the trouble of thousands at the present day. We were ready and willing; but where should we find the work?

Like those thousands, we decided that our best chance was in London; so one day, after visiting every corner of the manse, and of the dear old garden, shadowed by the elms where the rooks built, and going through the trial of parting with papa's poor parishioners—Elaine and I, with very red eyes behind our crape veils, started for London, where we had arranged to take lodgings with an old servant who had married well, gone to the metropolis, and in her widowhood increased a small annuity by letting lodgings.

The good old soul, who never forgot that we were the vicar's daughters, had the warmest welcome ready for us, therefore we did not feel our new life so uncomfortable as we had imagined we should at first.

There was a bright fire to cheer us, and a high tea, with some delicious cakes, just as Susan, or Mrs. Biggins now, recollected we used to have at the manse.

"Have you any other lodgers, Mrs. Biggins?" asked Elaine as we took tea.

"Well, miss, I won't deceive you, I have," said our landlady. "I didn't mention it, because really he is that quiet, and keeps so to hisself, that I fancied he didn't much count. I hope you don't object?"

"Object?" I smiled. "What right should we have to do that, Mrs. Biggins? we begin to know the value of money, I can assure you. What is the gentleman?"

"A hartist, miss. Whether much of one I can't say, though some of the things he does do look sweet, and he's poor enough, I'm sure to be a genius."

"Poor," said my sister, whose sympathies I saw at once were aroused.

"Poor, miss, very," proceeded Mrs. Biggins, who had been always given to loquacity, which had made papa remark, that he was a brave man who married her. "He's a nice-looking young fellow, and, though his clothes is a bit worn, always looks the gentleman; but I suspect that good dinners is a rarity, I do—sometimes dinners at all."

"Oh!" cried Elaine, "that's dreadful."

"It is, miss. But he is, or tries to look so cheerful, and laughs at his poverty, and says that when his pictures sell, as they will one day—that's what he declares—he'll pay back all my kindness. He is a nice young man, that he is."

"What is his name?" asked Elaine interested.

"Gerald Warne."

"Warde! Why, that's our name!"

"Yes, miss; it's funny isn't it?

"There's one comfort; he is no relation," said I, "for we are in the happy state of having none. Have you told him about us?"

"Well, no, miss; only so far that I had two young ladies, gentlefolks, coming, for you see I wasn't just aware what you would care for me to say."

"We are very much obliged to you. If you please we should like you to say nothing of our past, or who we are, Mrs. Biggins, for Elaine and I have determined to forget all about our once having been 'gentlefolks.' If we are so, people will discover it without our telling them; and, knowing how difficult it is to get work, we have adopted for our motto 'No honest employment is derogatory.' So we are simply two young women who have to make our own living."

I need scarcely say that Mrs. Biggins' account of Gerald Warne had aroused our interest, especially Elaine's. She was just nineteen, slight, graceful of figure, a blonde with pretty delicate features, a wild-rose complexion, and sunny hair that curled naturally over her head. I was four years her senior, taller and darker; some called me for my style, handsomer, but that I don't believe. At least Elaine's was the most taking face.

We talked a great deal about our future plans that evening, and a great deal too about our fellow lodger.

Elaine was always coming back to the subject "him." She wondered what his pictures were like; whether he really were a genius. Then she imagined his bravely working on when he had not sufficient to eat. In fact, she speedily made Gerald Warne out to be an artistic Chatterton.

"If we get on, Lil," she exclaimed, "we must ask him to tea. We can't well send him up a dish of oysters."

"No, indeed, at their present price," I replied, "but you see, Elly, we have first to get on. His case may soon be our case, and in one thing be careful; knowing what pity is akin to, don't fall in love with him."

"I!" cried Elaine, disdainfully. "Let me return the warning. Hark!" as a latchkey turned in the lock, "there he is."

Someone entered and went upstairs.

"Lil, he might almost be a ghost, for the sound he makes. It does not speak well for the soles of his boots," remarked Elaine.

The next day we had too much of our own affairs to occupy us, to think of Gerald Warne. There were agencies to visit, and advertisements to peruse, a week of which heartbreaking work passed fruitlessly. During this we had seen Gerald Warne once as he passed our window. As to being a gentleman there was as little doubt as that he was handsome and intellectual-looking, also that his clothes were shabby at the seams; unfortunately there was no doubt about the latter, nor that his face was haggard, making appear large and more brilliant a pair of dark, handsome eyes.

Before the next week was over Elaine and I had both been successful. She had obtained an engagement in an art dealer's, and I had found some pupils for German, French, music and drawing.

Our spirits were wonderfully elated at having occupation. Indeed we had been very fortunate, and felt gratefully happy.

As to Elaine, she speedily, I found, began to revert to Gerald Warne.

"We certainly," she said, "must begin to think of those teas."

I own I commenced to feel nervous about her. She was always getting information about him from the landlady, and it was never cheering information.

Once Mrs. Biggins told, with tears in her eyes, of a great disappointment he had had in selling a picture.

"For the first time he looked quite broke," she said; and owned he wanted the money badly."

"Why doesn't he teach, or draw, or paint sketches that may sell," said I.

"He's tried, miss, lots of times. He'd do anything, as 'pot-boilers,' I think he calls it; but luck's against him."

I noticed Elaine very thoughtful after that, and depressed.

"I fancy we had best move from here," I thought.

But two evenings later, Elaine came in radiant. The cold, frosty air, or her joy, had made her color dazzling.

"I've got some work for Gerald Warne to do," she exclaimed. "Something that, at least, will provide him with dinners."

It appeared that the art-dealer required an artist to undertake some art-work which needed both skill and taste.

"I spoke of Mr. Warne," exclaimed Elaine; "and Mr. Morrison says he may call."

So a little note was sent up, carefully worded, that it should offend no Chattertonian (false) pride, to Gerald Warne's studio the following morning.

The same evening our fellow-lodger stood for the first time in our parlor—stood, those wonderfully brilliant eyes brighter with emotion, his figure all of a tremble, his tones unsteady, as he said.

"I have come to thank you; to say how grateful I am; yet can find no words appropriate to express how deeply I feel your kindness."

Then, to my surprise, Elaine, quite sagely as if years his senior, stepped forward, and taking his hand, replied:

"Then, please do not try. We quite understand. Are we not fellow-toilers? If in that case we cannot help one another, who will help us? Mr. Morrison told me that he had engaged you, that he thought you very clever, and hoped his work would lead to better things. I was so pleased!"

She looked so pretty as she spoke! I shall never forget the expression in Gerald Warne's face as he gazed at here.

I have heard of a person's "soul going out" to another. Then I saw it. He bent down, and pressed her hand to his lips.

"Heaven bless you!" he said, earnestly, with a sob in his voice.

I knew from that moment that it was a case between them which nothing in the world could alter.

After this Gerald Warne was very often in our parlor indeed; not only that, but sometimes his leaving the art-dealer's, by a strange coincidence, would be the same hour as Elaine's; and they would walk home together.

I was troubled at first; but the more I saw of Gerald Warne, the more I recognized he was a gentleman by birth and nature.

Besides, what right had I to endeavor to check the love growing so evidently stronger between them? Might it not prove a good thing for Elaine? Had she not seemed, indeed, as he said, to have brought him that aid which was to lead to fortune?

Mr. Morrison had been more than satisfied with his work, and already had introduced him to one or two who had purchased his pictures.

It was while our acquaintanceship was very young, that, as we three sat talking together, Gerald Warne said:

"What a strange place is this world, of which some people think so little! Things occur in it that make one lean towards fatalism. Take, for instance, both our lives. How I was striving, almost despairing, here, when all the while fate was bringing towards me one who was to banish despair for ever before hope."

"It is very strange, considering your name was Warne," laughed Elaine. "A reason that, had you been related to a certain Ambrose Warne, would have made us rather your enemies than friends."

"Why?"

He smiled.

"Because he is our uncle, and a cruel, selfish miser."

"Indeed!"

Thinking as matters stood, he might know our history, I told him. When I ended, Gerald said laughing:

"I look like the relation or friend of a wealthy man, do I not?" and he glanced at his shabby attire.

So the days went by, and happy days too. Winter came, by which time Gerald and Elaine were engaged.

It was one evening after this that I sat waiting for her return. The tea was ready, but I never began until she came. The weather had set in with exceeding severity. There had been a heavy snowfall, a partial thaw, then frost, rendering the streets like glass.

That made me nervous when Elaine's usual hour passed, and she did not appear. A dozen times in twenty minutes I looked at the clock, and walked from the table to the window.

The darkness was coming on rapidly. Few people passed; those who did walked warily. One or two fell but there was no sign of Elaine.

Half an hour late. This had never occurred before. The state of the weather made me anxious. At last I went upstairs to Gerald's room to tell him.

"Your sister not returned," he exclaimed, springing up.

"No; she has never been so late, and the streets are like glass," I said. "It makes me nervous."

"Do not be that; I'll soon see," he replied. "I'll go to Mr. Morrison's."

Already he had taken his hat; now as anxious as I, he ran down stairs and from the house, when I returned to my window to watch. Suddenly I cried, starting to my feet and clasping my hands:

"Oh, it's true! There has been an accident,"

A brougham had driven up and stopped at the door. A moment I had seen Elaine's white face inside, then an old gentleman got out and knocked. I flew to the door and opened it.

"Oh! What has happened?" I cried.

"There—there," said the old gentleman, harshly, "don't go making a fuss! Your sister didn't and she had more cause—you're Miss Warne, I suppose? Well, your sister slipped down and sprained her ankle; there were a lot of roughs about, so I just asked her her name, where she lived, and brought her home. Now, if you are as sensible a young woman as she appears to be, you'll just come and assist her into the house."

I followed him at once to the brougham, and together we helped Elraine, who declared it was nothing but a sprain, into our room and made her lie on the couch.

Then we thanked the stranger, who had so well played the Samaritan.

"No thanks—no thanks," he interrupted. "She was not quite a stranger to me. I've seen her often—wet or shine—going to her work. You call it work, eh, or are you too proud?"

"Too proud to call things by their right names!" I smiled. "No, indeed. We are only proud of having honest work to do."

"I like that," he said looking into my face. "If all people were of your sort, the world would get on better. I'm sorry I didn't know you before. I shall know you better now. I shall call again."

He took his hat, looked round the room, protruded and pursed his lips, then said abruptly:

"I may as well tell you the truth at once. I've been watching you. I liked that independent letter you wrote. I like you—I'm your Uncle Ambrose Warne."

"Uncle Ambrose!" we cried, in amaze.

"Yes; I'm going to adopt both of you," curtly. "I've a son I've turned out of doors because he is idiot enough to prefer art to commerce—starvation to a good joint."

At this instant Gerald entered breathlessly.

"Miss Warne, I can find no news of Elaine," he began; then he started back, exclaiming "Good Heavens! Father!"

"What—you here—you scamp," ejaculated the old man.

"Oh, sir;" exclaimed Elaine, reaching his hand and clasping it, "is he your son? then if you forgive us, you must forgive him. One day, believe me, he will make us all proud of the name we bear."

"Will he," cried Uncle Ambrose. "When he does that, I'll forgive him."

"Then, father," said Gerald, extending his hand, "I ask neither money nor help. Only let it be a friendly truce until that happy time arrives."

Uncle Ambrose hesitated, but finally took his son's hand.

And what was the result? This. The next year all London was speaking of Gerald's picture hung in one of the Academies. A month later he went to study at Rome, taking his wife with him, while I was Uncle Ambrose's housekeeper, until—until—well, somebody else wanted me to be his.

So to our dark cloud you see, Uncle Ambrose, after all was—The Silver Lining.

Sweet Sixteen.

BY V. C. DRUMMOND.

GIRLS ought to come out at sixteen," exclaimed a bright-faced damsel, who was evidently pleading her own cause one fine July day.

The older girl to whom she was talking laughed, as she answered,

"Oh, Letty, don't be impatient; coming out is not all pleasure, and I'm sure you have lots of fun, as it is."

"Yes, but not the sort of fun I want," answered Lettice, half sulkily.

"But you don't know enough to come out yet; you would do all sorts of foolish things," said the elder sister.

"I shouldn't, cried Lettice. "I am quite as sensible as you are, and I am sure I should not do anything silly."

Mabel laughed, and the entrance of their mother put an end to the conversation.

Mrs. Knightly patted her daughter's pretty waving hair and said,

"Well, good-bye, Baby, Mab and I shall be back in two hours: you had better practice a little."

Lettice was naturally an easy-tempered girl, though wild and thoughtless, and answered jokingly,

"If any visitors call while you are out, I shall entertain them."

"Oh, yes; if they ask for you, certainly you may," said her mother taking up the joke, and with another farewell from Mabel they got into the carriage and drove off.

Lettice returned to the drawing room feeling rather bored.

It was a fine afternoon, and she had nothing to do except the practicing her mother had suggested; and that she had no inclination for. She wandered about the house but found no occupation there; she tried the garden, but she could not play lawn tennis by herself; her dog was sleepy

and she had picked all the flowers that were wanted in the morning.

She strolled back into the house and into the servants' hall.

"Oh, Maria, I am all alone, do send me up something good for tea," she pleaded.

Maria was one of those unusual people, a good-tempered cook, and readily gave the desired promise, and not only this, but she also regaled Lettice with gossip for a considerable time. Lettice was deeply interested in everything, and so was a capital listener.

She was told all about Maria's brothers and sisters, and her former places and their former places. She was also informed that Edwards, the butler, had gone out for a holiday to the Crystal Palace, and that, consequently, Susan was to open the door if visitors called.

In this way the time passed pleasantly away till a peal of the front-door bell was heard.

"What can that be?" wondered Lettice to whom the sound in the servant's hall seemed much louder than in the drawing-room.

"A visitor, most likely," answered Maria, "or a note."

"Susan, go quickly, and see who it is," "perhaps it's a visitor for me;" but she laughed, and Maria and Susan laughed, for Lettice did not often have visitors to herself.

But presently Susan came back, and in wondering half-awed tones said, "It's a young gentleman, miss; and when I told him Mrs. Knightly was out, he said he would like to see one of the young ladies. I told him only Miss Lettice was in, but he said that would do very well, so I showed him into the drawing-room, miss, and here's his card."

In a great state of excitement Lettice took the card and read, "Mr. Arthur Lawrence," that was all, no address, no club.

"Are you sure he said he would like to see me, Susan," asked Lettice, half frightened and half fluttered.

"Yes, miss, he did indeed, and a very handsome gentleman he is," answered the impressed Susan, "and a very nice spoken one too. He looked round the drawing-room, quite pleasant like, and said, 'Lofty drawing-room, with conservatory adjoining,' and I says, 'yes, sir, and Miss Lettice manages all them flowers herself, and then he went and smelt them miss, and seemed quite pleased. Oh, he is a very affable gentleman."

By this time Lettice was quite in a flutter. She was one of those girls who are constantly expecting some great thing to happen, and are always living in a state of excitement, and, being rather conceited, she expected to be greatly admired if allowed to go more into the world. She was longing to fly abroad to display her charms, and was very indignant at being still kept in the schoolroom, feeling sure that though other girls might not be old enough to come out at sixteen, she was very different, and was perfectly fitted for society.

Her sister, Mabel, though several years older than Lettice, was very shy, and Lettice would constantly urge her to put herself more forward.

"Wait till I come out and things will be very different," she would say and would be quite indignant if any one laughed at her.

Now she felt that her time had come, her mother and Mabel were out, everything could be managed in her way, and they should now be shown her perfect fitness to come out by the grace and dignity of the reception of her visitor to-day.

Consequently giving her gown a pull, to make it look longer, and smoothing her hair, she remarked to Martha "Send up tea directly," and leaving the servants' hall walked towards the drawing room.

For a moment she stood holding the door handle. Should she bow or shake hands? This was a difficult question. Then she resolved to copy her Aunt Emily, for whom she had a great admiration, and finally decided to shake hands and imitate her aunt's manner in every respect as nearly as possible.

After one more pull to her gown she opened the door and walked in.

Mr. Lawrence was standing by the fire place opposite the door, and bowed as Lettice came in. Lettice also bowed, and then advancing towards him, shook hands, and said in her aunt's eager gushing manner—

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Lawrence? I am so glad I was in. Come and sit by my side on the sofa, and tell me all about yourself."

This Lettice knew to be right; she had heard her aunt say just these words to a cousin of hers, who had come home after being abroad for some time.

Mr. Lawrence immediately complied with her request, and remarked that it was a lovely day.

"Yes, indeed," answered Lettice, playfully. "You must have been quite disappointed at finding me in. I know what you young men are, calling on fine days and hoping to find everybody out."

Mr. Lawrence began to say that, on the contrary, he had particularly hoped to find Mrs. Knightly in.

"And not me? There, I have caught you now,' said Lettice with an arch look.

She was immensely pleased with herself she was doing even better than she had expected. Mr. Lawrence would certainly tell Mabel how charming her sister was, and both Mabel and her mother would see how more than possible it was for her to come out at once.

She began wondering if Mr. Lawrence was what her aunt called a "parti." How delightful it would be if he was. It would make her triumph even greater. To extract from him the extent of his means was now her object.

"Did you ride down from town?" was her next question.

"No I did not," he answered, "I came by ——"

"Oh, you lazy man," Lettice interrupted. "I believe you drove down. Really, young men in these days," and Lettice sighed. She was silent, however, only for a moment, and then quickly continued her round of questions—

"I suppose you will be running off to Scotland directly, like all the rest of the world?" she said interrogatively.

"Well, no," answered Mr. Lawrence; "I don't think I shall get away till September."

"Ah, then, you will go to Norfolk, or somewhere, after the patridges; perhaps that will be better in some ways. They say this dry weather is killing most of the grouse. What a glorious season it has been. Were you at the garden party?

"What garden party?" asked Mr. Lawrence.

"Oh! Mr. Lawrence, what garden party?" repeated Lettice affectedly, "the Queen's garden party, of course."

"No, I was not there," answered Mr. Lawrence, "were you?"

Now this was rather a blow to Lettice, as not being out, of course she had not been there, but she answered promptly——

"My mother and sister were there, but I had a previous engagement." Poor Lettice. She thought she had been so clever in her excuse, and certainly a previous engagement to the Queen's party was very imposing. "How you must enjoy our Hertfordshire air," she went on, "after dancing seven nights in the week."

"I don't as a rule, dance on Saturday or Sunday nights," answered Mr. Lawrence quietly.

Lettice grew rather red, and felt the sarcasm. She was immediately relieved by the arrival of tea.

Edwards not having yet returned from the Crystal Palace, Susan brought it in.

"Now, Mr. Lawrence, I am sure you will be glad of some tea," exclaimed Lettice with her most grown-up air.

Mr. Lawrence seemed rather inclined to go, but Lettice would not hear of this. In her most eager way she urged him to stay, and at last, half smiling, he consented. Lettice never allowed the conversation to flag for a moment; she discussed the cricket at Lord's, the Jubilee procession, besides many private dances and parties to which her sister had been, as, though they did not live in London, they lived in one of the most convenient suburbs in Hertfordshire, besides which Mrs. Knightly and Mabel generally went up to town for a month or so at the beginning of the season, leaving Lettice with her father at home.

"We want to let this house," said Lettice, "and go abroad for August and September"

"Yes, I know," answered Mr. Lawrence, "but I don't think you will do it, as it is getting late in the year for letting houses now."

"How desponding you are about it," answered Lettice, laughing, "and with what an air of authority you speak."

They had finished tea now and Lettice half began to wish that Mr. Lawrence would go, though, on the whole it was rather flattering; his paying her so long a visit showed that he found her entertaining.

She began to wonder more than ever who he was, and thought it very odd that neither her mother nor sister had ever mentioned him. And he is nice, too, she thought.

"Mabel sometimes is very stupid, I will try to make mother ask him to dinner."

"Mother and Mabel will be in directly," she said aloud. "They will be so glad to find you here."

Mr. Lawrence got up hastily. "Oh, will they be in soon? I am afraid I can't wait; I must be going now," he answered.

"I am sorry you can't wait," said Lettice rather surprised at his sudden haste. "Shall I ring for your carriage?"

"Oh no, thank you, I came by train," answered he. "I won't trouble you. Good-bye, Miss Lettice, thank you for a very pleasant visit. I can't be quite sorry your mamma was out," and after shaking hands effusively, he went out of the room, and taking his hat and stick he had left in the hall, he walked quickly down the drive, and disappeared out of sight.

Lettice felt very triumphant, and longed for her mother and sister to come home, that she might tell them all about it. She felt she had distinguished herself, and done it well.

It was certain now that they could not say she was not old enough to come out; she had proved herself perfectly capable, and she was sure that even Mabel must acknowledge it. She could hardly restrain her impatience till she heard the sound of a bell.

She ran into the hall and almost laughed when her mother said, "Well baby have you been very dull?"

"Baby, indeed! Oh no, mamma, not at all," she answered demurely, and said no more until she had heard all that her mother and Mabel had been doing; then she thought her time had come; and said, "I have had a visitor while you have been out."

Her mother said nothing, and Mabel said carelessly, "Oh, has Florence Milbank been here?"

"No, no, not she, a real visitor. I mean someone who asked for mother and you, and when he heard you were out he asked for me."

Mrs. Knightley looked up. "What are you saying, Lettice? A visitor to see you? Who was it?"

"It was a man," answered Lettice, "a young man, and very nice. He had tea with me, and we talked about everything that you have been to in London; and I am sure he thought I was out and so I ought to be. He stayed nearly an hour."

"My dear Lettice," said her mother, "what an extraordinary girl you are! Who was this young man?"

"I forget his name now," said Lettice, "but I will fetch you his card; he was very nice, and so sorry to miss you. I told him I was sure Mab would be very much disappointed."

"My dear Lettice!" gasped Mrs. Knightly and Mabel.

"Yes, and I asked him to call again soon," went on Lettice. "I asked him, too, if he often danced with Mab at balls, and he said he didn't often meet her, and I tried to find out if he belonged to the Bachelors' Club, as I thought, perhaps, he would ask us to dine there with him, but he didn't; and mamma, I am quite sure now that you ought to let me come out. You see that I am quite grown-up enough."

"Go and get that card, Lettice," was all Mrs. Knightley could say; and, as Lettice ran out of the room, she murmured, "Most dreadful child!"

"Here it is, mamma," said Lettice, hand her mother a very thin card, on which was printed in variegated type, "Mr. Lawrence."

"I don't know him," said Mrs. Knightley breathlessly; "and what a card!"

"Oh, mamma!" gasped Mabel; and then began to laugh nervously, "don't you know who it is?"

"No, my dear, tell me at once," said Mrs. Knightley, anxious to hear the worst and not to be kept in suspense.

"It's the man from King and Taylor, who was to come and personally inspect the house for letting."

No answer from Mrs. Knightley, only a terrible silence; then she got up, and went to her writing table, and presently said:

"Will this do, Mabel? 'Mrs. Knightley desires to take her house off Messrs. King and Taylor's books, and wishes to have no further communication with them on the subject.'" Then turning to Lettice, she said, "Go upstairs, Lettice, I cannot bear the sight of you for the present."

As Lettice left the room, Mrs. Knightley turned to Mabel and said,

"Surely, now, even her father will see that that child must have a strict governess for the next two years at the least."

Poor Lettice!

The dudes of New York are determined altogether to reform the simple black and white of a modern gentleman's evening dress, and the smart young Frenchman is following their example. At a recent dinner party at Nice all the men came rigged out for the admiration of the ladies in carnation swallow-tails. No doubt they believed that they presented an immensely distinguished appearance. The attempt to disestablish black-and-white has been many times made and has always come to grief. Its most ridiculous manifestation is the bit of red silk bulging on the white vest and the strip of red sock over black pumps. These be fripperies, but they won't revolutionise society. But the whole fabric of society will be at once upset and a new order of things will begin if a young man about town, before he accepts an invitation to dance or dinner, is to consider whether he has any clothes to wear; if he is to be deterred by the fear that his pea-green pants have become familiar in the eyes of his social circle, and he doubts whether the mauve coat which he especially affects will harmonize with the gown of the young lady with whom he intends to dance all the dances she will grant to him. Suppose the costumes of the pair do not harmonize. What are they to do? As self-respecting members of society they cannot cut a bizarre together. There will be nothing for it but to sit out all the evening in a secluded and unlighted corner, and make up if they can, by the harmony of their souls for the discord of their toilettes. And even more disastrous effects of making men's dress more elaborate and more expensive will be to further reduce the already diminished ranks of dancing men.

An exciting marriage took place the early part of the week, at a museum in Memphis, Tennessee. The bride was an Albino "curio" and the groom was an attache of the establishment. As the ceremony was about being performed by a justice of the peace the Albino's brother caught the bridegroom by the collar and the groom grasped him by the hair. They waltzed around the hall in hostile embrace, the bride clinging to her chosen and the justice following in a trot, repeating the formula required by law. By the time the circuit of the room was completed the justice announced that the twain were man and wife, and then began to separate the irate husband and brother. The newly married couple left the hall under the protection of the law.

The essentials of a watering place may be alliteratively summed up thus: Sea, salt, sun, sand, shells, shrimps, steamers, ships, sailors and shingle.

WARNER'S Log Cabin Remedies—old-fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise a **Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla,** "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic," "Extract," for External and Internal Use," "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of these great preparations. All druggists keep them.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An authority reports that "more patent leather will be worn this year than in any other since its invention." The Piccadilly remains the popular shoe. Laces prevail over buttons to so large a degree that buttons will scarcely be used at all. For late spring and all summer wear russet leather will nearly drive everything else out of the market. More than a dozen new styles of russet leather shoes will soon be on the counters. Factories are running night and day to fill orders."

A celebrated but very vain and overbearing French painter in Paris had a pet dog that was taken ill, and he had the audacity to send for one of the leading physicians in the capital, on the assumption that a veterinary surgeon was not good enough for the valuable dog of so great a personage as himself. The physician who had been honored with the summons was at first quite shocked at the impertinence of the notion, but soon recovered his equanimity, and returned the following message to the knight of the brush: "Would Monsieur M. be good enough to step over to my house, as I have a couple of window shutters that want painting?"

The following picture of Japanese life by Prof. Morse shows how pleasant may be the relations between human and the brute creation: "Birds build their nests in the city houses, wild fowl, geese, and ducks alight in the public parks, wild deer trot about the street; and he had been actually followed by wild deer in the streets, nibbling melon rind out of his hand, as tame as calves and lambs on our Michigan farms. A dog goes to sleep in the busiest streets; men turn aside so as not to disturb him. One day, a beautiful heron alighted on the limb of a tree; and the busy, jostling throng stopped. Every man's hand went into his pocket, just as they would with us, but instead of bringing out a 'popper' out came pencil and sketch paper.

A correspondent says that a man named Frederick Clark, who lately died here, was, at the time of his death, uncle to 36 nephews, and over 400 nieces. He was the sixteenth child of a family of twenty, of which sixteen married and had families. In the list of nephews and nieces, several generations are, of course, included; and as Mr. Clark died at the age of eighty-four the statement is not really so astonishing as may at first appear. If, say, ten of his married brothers and sisters had on an average six children a piece, and if thirty of these sixty nephews and nieces had on the average four children apiece, the list of Clarke's nephews and nieces may have amounted as high as 180 in the second generation; and in eighty-four years there is time for four generations to marry and have families.

DOCTORING IN THE DARK.

No sensible surgeon will attempt the performance of an operation involving human life in a room secluded from the proper amount of light. A practitioner will not attempt the diagnosis of a complicated disease unless he can see the sufferer and make an examination upon which to base his opinion relative to the course of treatment necessary to bring about a complete restoration of health.

Notwithstanding the impropriety of such action there seems to be a great deal of doctoring done in the dark.

By this it is not intended that a literal meaning be inferred, but that a great many mistakes are committed because of the darkness which is the result of ignorance. It needs no illustrations to demonstrate that gross ignorance has caused many fatal mistakes to be made in the treatment of diseases by those who profess to be learned in the art of healing.

In many diseases several organs are more or less implicated and what seems a primary ailment may be one quite remote. For instance, a severe headache may have its origin in a disturbed stomach. On the other hand, sickness at the stomach may be caused by a blow on the head. The seat of typhoid fever is in the upper part of the bowels, but most of its worst symptoms are often in the brain.

Symptoms of disease as well as diseases themselves are oftentimes followers or concomitants of some unsuspected organic disease and this is proven fairly true of lung, liver, brain and heart diseases in general, for it is now known that they are the result of kidney disease, which shows its presence in some such indirect manner.

Several years ago a gentleman became convinced of the truth of this and through his efforts the world has been warned of kidney disease and as a result of continued effort a specific known as Warner's Safe Cure was discovered, the general use of which has shown it to be of inestimable benefit in all cases where kidney treatment is desirable or necessary.

When consumption is threatened see to it that the condition of the kidneys is immediately inquired into and if they are found diseased, cure them by an immediate use of Warner's Safe Cure and the symptoms of lung decay will rapidly disappear.

There are too many instances already recorded of the terrible results produced by a lack of knowledge concerning the cause of disease, and human life is of too much importance to be foolishly sacrificed to bigotry or ignorance.

Our Young Folks.

THE GUIDING STAR.

BY S.

"TOM, will you promise to do something for us—very particular?"

"No, no; I never buy pigs in bags, nor yet make promises in the dark."

"There, you are always making fun; and this time it is real earnest, not fun"

"No, not fun."

Dear little six-year old twins! they were very like the ring echoes the one of the other as much alike as their names—Bettie and Ettie.

"Well, what is this real earnest thing you want of me?" inquired Tom, busily mending his skates in the hall.

"Will you go to Dilton for us, and do some shopping?"

Dilton, the nearest town, was a very London to the imaginations of the wee maidens

"No, that I can't, for I'm in a hurry to mend these old skates, and then I'm off to the ice; for the weather-cock sees snow in the sky and goodbye to skating when the snow comes."

Certainly the heavy clouds, sailing so steadily over the sky as if to shut out the sun's light, looked very like snow.

"What would you say if a fairy brought you a new pair of skates? would you go then?"

"Pooh! fairies are not so good-natured as that in these stingy days," scoffed Tom, impatiently; for he seemed to have a great deal of trouble with his almost worn-out skates.

With this the twins left him and went tripping back, hand-in-hand, upstairs to the nursery. The nursery to-day—Christmas Eve—was a somewhat dreary domain, for the queen thereof had abdicated, or something very like it, and had gone down to assist the queen of the kitchen, not in making stews, but in compounding all sorts of good things, to make glad the hearts of the little people in the house—and the big folk too. Down sat the small maidens on the deserted hearth, quite crushed with this disappointing, great-hearted brother of theirs. He ought to have known better seeing he was hard upon eleven; and Will was thirteen, only he had not returned from school yet, he was to come this evening as well as mamma, who had been away nursing an aunt—a real home-coming was to make glad the house by-and-by.

Their perplexity was this, their grandmother had sent them a joint Christmas present of something like five dollars, and they were bent on buying with it a present for everyone in the house.

"Cause 'twould be like the Wise Men to give our gold to someone for Jesus sake," they said; a sweet awe stealing into their starlike eyes.

They had made out a list of their requirements in their own quaint writing, and here was Tom, like a very spoil-sport, upsetting all their plans, by refusing to go to town and make their purchases.

"We must go ourselves," said practical Ettie.

"Oh! Ettie, could we—may we?" cried Bettie the doubtful.

"Of course we can, and must, if we buy the things, and not keep gold all to ourselves," returned the wee lady.

"But 'tis so far and——"

"I was far for the Wise Men," interrupted Ettie, "but they did not mind that because 'twas a journey of love, nurse says. And ours would be for love, all for love, and we'll go directly or 'twill be dark before we get back, and 'twould be dreadful to be out in the dark."

"Yes," assented Bettie, "'twould be dreadful to be out in the dark, and the snow might come."

So without more ado they put on their fur-tipped blue cloaks and hoods; Bettie took their list and the precious money, then down the stairs they rode, and out into the waiting world; the gloomy arrow-ends looming over head, but not a snowflake forming to warn them of what was coming.

Dear little tots! they thought not of wrong, and yet they ought not to have gone; even though, as they said, it was a journey of love.

A journey of love at Christmas, who once upon a time that long, long journey of love was made by a little Child, who slept His first sleep in a manger, in a stable.

Ah! it was very cold along the road to Dilton, which ran direct across the downs, where shadows seemed to lurk even then, before sundown, so gloomy was the earth under the threatening snow clouds.

What a babel of sounds, what dazzling shops, what crowds of almost giant people, surrounding the mites of twins, threading their way, hand-in-hand, through the quiet little town to the toy-shop and general repository of pretty things they knew so well, having often gone there with their mamma!

"Please, we want to spend a half sovereign," said Bettie, holding Ettie tightly by the hand, and laying the precious coin on the counter, both their eyes just high enough to see it when there.

"Yes, miss." A lad peered over at them, and awaited the next move.

"We want something for a present that would suit our nurse," went on Bettie shyly, wishing folks at shops knew what was wanted without asking.

"Yes, miss—a nice purse, I should say, here are some at a quarter," and there, before their admiring eyes, were the very articles.

"Yes, please," said Bettie, timidly selecting one.

"And one for me, please," came from Ettie.

They would make twin purchases, it seemed; the lad smiled, and laid the two purses aside.

"And a doll for somebody," said Bettie, looking with mysterious indifference at Ettie.

"And a doll for somebody for me," spoke Ettie with the same mysterious look of indifference as her sister's.

"Yes, miss, a quarter doll; see, here are some beauties." The youth led them to a whole colony of simpering misses, enough to turn the head of any purchasing mamma, such marvels of loveliness were they in their make-believe flesh and blood of wax and sawdust.

"Dark hair or golden?" was the very business-like question of the boy behind the counter.

"Which would you choose, Ettie, if you were somebody?" inquired Bettie, shyly

"Oh! a golden haired darling," was the ready answer.

"And which would you choose if you were somebody else?" came like a twin question.

"I—I should say dark hair—that one there, because she's like mamma," decided Bettie. So the twin beauties were laid aside, and the lad waited for further orders.

"A pencil-case for a gentleman, and a pencil holder for a lady," came glibly from Bettie's tongue. And she was gaining confidence; she and Ettie consulting their list from time to time to make sure they were right.

"Yes, miss; silver ones, of course, these are a quarter," and a whole trayful was held down for her inspection.

"And I want just the same, please," piped Ettie, diving her little gloved hand in, and making her choice as well.

"Yes, miss." The young salesman bowed and waited.

"A pair of boy's skates," spoke Bettie, a glad little ring in her voice.

"You haven't money enough left to buy them, miss," smiled the lad; while both small hooded heads were bent with sadness at the thought of their poverty. Not buy Tom his skates when their glad young hearts had throbbed to a tune known only to themselves:

'New skates for Tom, new skates for Tom,
Good for evil, good for evil,
At Christmas time"

Blank verse, but a sweet little song for the season.

As they conferred together in stage whispers the lad interrupted—

"Buy him a knife, miss, that would be a quarter.

"Do you think he'd like it?" asked Bettie, resignation in her tone.

"Yes, miss, a knife always comes in handy for a boy, a boy with a knife is very like a young lady with a doll; he can never have too many; and with this assurance from a boy, Bettie agreed to see and choose a knife, Ettie making her twin purchase as heretofore.

After this followed the packing of the twin parcels; then, each with her own, they sallied out into the babel again, among the shops and the crowds.

Here they found the lamplighter running here and there and setting it all alight, for the shadows were creeping down early and bringing with them the snow.

And that was not all; the wind took their breath, drive—driving always in their faces, never in their backs; and two long miles lay along the road between them and home—along that road where the snow was already drifting, as if to form traps for their unaccustomed feet to stumble into and trip them up.

"But 'twill blow us home," said hopeful Bettie, "and then just think how nice 'twill be to open our treasures, the same as the Wise Men did."

But oh! when would they be there? Ettie burst out crying, and sat down in the snow, like the faint-hearted traveller she was.

"What is it, Ettie?" said motherly little Bettie, sitting down to keep her company, and twining her arm about her.

"I wish this was home; and the way is so long," sobbed she, her head on faithful Bettie's bosom.

"Yes, dear, and the way was long to the Wise Men; but they never cried, nor sat down and wished 'twas shorter, 'cause of the love."

"But they had a star to guide them"—aye, true, Bettie could not gainsay that.

"Yes, dear, 'cause they were for truth Wise Men, and for truth Jesus was on earth and 'twasn't in the Bible then, same as now for folk to read and do like it."

So they talked, and when they arose to go on their poor little limbs were well nigh benumbed, the night denser, the snow deeper around them, the downs one great yawning, bewildering space, and they two mites—two stones—lost in their midst! Oh! if that beautiful star of old, that Christmas star, would once more appear, and guide them to the spot to which their fond hearts were turning, where their treasures were to be poured out, not at the feet of the Christmas Child, because He needed them not, at home now in His Father's glory; but to be given to the dear ones on earth, in His stead, that which their gold had bought, and only their love to go up to Him like the sweet scent of frankincense and myrrh—up beyond the snowy sky.

"Ah! Bettie, we shall never, never get home without the star to guide us," moaned Ettie.

And Bettie quite as sorrowfully replied, "No, Ettie; we never, never shall."

"But if we pray," sighed Ettie, as if hope, like a sweet little star, were rising within her; "praying can bring things, and perhaps a star."

Ah! yes, that inward glinting came to Bettie likewise. "Yes, Ettie, I'll pray, and you say Amen!" and so she did.

"O Jesus, please send us a star to guide us in our days, same as to the Wise Men in their days, for we are lost." This was the prayer which went stealing up out of the snowdrift and the storm.

And, not many many minutes after, surely, surely, they spied a bright something a moving star in the gloom—low, very low down so little maidens like them could see it and bobbing about, now here, now there, as if uncertain of the house to which it was to guide.

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy," are the Bible words about the Wise Men; and they ably describe the feelings of our small heroines.

Now the star was bearing down upon them, or rather, Will and Tom, with a lantern, shouting "Bettie, Ethel!" as they came.

And sweeter than the sight of any beautiful star was it to the two children to be gathered into those strong brotherly arms to be carried home to their mother, who was there and waiting for them; and, on the following morning, to open their treasures, and surprising everyone with their loving gifts—Bettie surprising Ettie with the gift of a doll, Ettie surprising Bettie and each receiving just the sort of darling they wished for.

As for mamma, she said, as she kissed them, that she thanked God that the star of love, earthly and heavenly, had guided her two poor little "Wise Men" home to her, and not left them to die in a snowdrift, as they certainly must have, without that beautiful guiding star.

But Tom said, "And I suppose 'twas the star of self-love which brought about the mischief; for, if I'd gone to Dilton for them, as I might have—for precious little skating I had after all—nothing would have happened."

"Ah!" sighed mamma, "self-love was never meant for a Christmas star."

WHAT BECAME OF A DREAM.

BY SHIELA.

CLOVERTOPS and thistle-down! It is the greatest piece of stupidity I ever heard of!" thundered the Lord Chancellor; and the fairies-in-waiting shook on their embroidered slippers; for when the Lord Chancellor cried "clover-tops and thistle-down" they knew that he was in a particularly bad temper, and that somebody or other was going to get into trouble.

Now what had happened was this, and it certainly was very annoying.

For a month before every Christmas Eve as it came round, the fairies at Queen Mab's court were busily engaged in getting ready a Christmas dream for everybody.

Each mortal had to have one especially prepared for him, and those intended for royal personages were generally designed by Mab herself and her favorite ladies-in-waiting.

On Christmas Eve the fairies were hard at work, carrying the dreams to their respective owners; and imagine the state of mind they were thrown into when it was discovered that the beautiful dream prepared for little Prince Rudolfo, heir to the great kingdom of Arracouda, had been lost.

Lost, stolen, or strayed, it was all one!

The prince's dream was gone, and nobody could find it.

It was a truly terrible thing to happen in Fairyland.

Queen Mab shed tears; the Lord Chancellor stamped and stormed; the crier mounted on a swift grasshopper, was sent all round the kingdom, and the fairies flew hither and thither with frightened faces.

"Such a thing has never occurred since I became Queen of Dreams," sobbed Mab throwing down the sceptre.

And then, because she was so vexed about it, she scolded the Lord Chancellor, who turned as red as a lobster, and went out and scolded the First Lord-in-Waiting by way of relieving his feelings.

The First Lord-in-Waiting looked quite green with anger, and he scolded the Lord High Steward, who kicked the butler, who boxed the page's ears, who pulled the dog's tail, who bit a little piece out of the cat's ear.

And all this was because some foolish fairy had made a mistake, and had either lost the prince's dream, or carried it to somebody who was not a prince at all, and therefore had no business with it.

* * * * * *

It was the night of Christmas Eve, and the snow lay on the ground and covered the roofs of the houses with its white mantle.

One by one the stars came out and twinkled in the clear cold sky; while the children were all asleep in their warm beds, dreaming of what the next day would bring them.

Tim, the crossing-sweeper, was also fast asleep, but his bed was nothing but an old sack spread on the bare boards of a garret, while another one partly covered his thinly clad body.

Tim had only a dry crust of bread for his supper, and had gone to bed hungry and shivering; yet, as he lay there, with his pinched face turned towards the uncurtained window, he looked as happy as a king.

Yes, and he was a king too—in his dream, a king with a golden crown on his head, dressed in beautiful robes; who lived in a splendid palace, and had as much to eat as he wanted, and more; and who never knew what it was to be cold and hungry and footsore, or to run about the streets from morning to night sweeping muddy crossings.

Often he was so tired, hungry and weary that he had to stop and rest against some friendly wall.

He rode in a grand carriage, or on a white horse that went like the wind, and each day brought fresh pleasures in its train.

It was a glorious dream; and it seemed to Tim to go on for years and years, during which he ruled his subjects wisely and well and made them so happy that he was known everywhere as the good King Rudolfo.

Yet, strange to say, Tim had never heard the name of Rudolfo in his life, and hardly, in fact, knew what a king was; and certainly not what a king was in the habit of doing.

It was all the fault of that careless fairy Trip, who had given the dream meant for a foreign prince to a ragged crossing-sweeper.

Perhaps if they had known how happy it made him that Christmas night, there would not have been such a disturbance in Fairyland over that lost dream.

But Queen Mab always looked grave when she remembered it, and said that if such a thing happened again she would resign her post, and be Queen of Dreams no longer.

HOME-MADE CANDY.

Five pounds of sugar will make enough for a small evening company.

Buy XXX confectioner's sugar at a wholesale grocer's, and do not be deluded into taking powdered sugar, as it is useless.

One can make as many varieties as she chooses, and a good way is to make a "one egg quantity" of each as follows:

Take the white from an egg and measure it.

Put with it an equal number of teaspoonfuls of water.

Stir in sugar until it can be mixed by the hand. Do not get it too stiff.

Experience is the best teacher here, when one can flatten it onto the molding board without it sticking is a good test.

Vanilla is the best flavor for all but lemon and almond candies, and possibly a few others.

For chocolate drops, roll the cream into balls with the fingers.

Drop into melted chocolate and roll around with a fork till the balls are thickly coated.

Take out with a fork—better still a long pin—and place them on slightly buttered brown paper, not near enough to touch each other.

Orange and lemon candy:

Grate the rind of one orange or lemon for the quantity above mentioned.

Mix this thoroughly into the cream.

Flavor with orange or lemon juice.

The best way to find out when the mass is sufficiently flavored is to taste it.

Form these candies into long strips and cut into squares.

A pretty combination is a layer of lemon, then one of chocolate, then one of orange. The chocolate is made by mixing grated chocolate and flavoring it with vanilla.

For almond oblongs cover almonds with the cream. For almond squares chop some almonds very fine and mix with the cream; then roll into strips and cut into squares. Flavor these with either almond or vanilla, or a mixture of both.

For nut squares make the cream into larger, flatter squares and place the half of an English walnut on half or on each side. For big and date creams open the fruit about two-thirds of the way around, remove the stone of the date and fill with cream. Roll in granulated sugar to give them the same crystal-like appearance.

For the popular mint that, which makes a pretty combination with layers of white, lemon, orange and chocolate, flavor with raspberry or strawberry juice, taking care to strain out all the seeds. Pineapple juice makes a delicious flavor and gives a very delicate tint.

For the pistache shade, bruise lettuce, pour hot water on it, strain carefully and let it stand. One's ingenuity will suggest other varieties.

Extract of vanilla is so variable in degrees of strength that no definite quantity can be given.

Get a good article and a taste of the flavored cream will soon determine how much. If you get your cream paste too stiff, thin it by adding white of egg mixed with an equal quantity of water.

INFLUENCE OF SUNSHINE.—A man who shaves three times a week says he is convinced that the hair grows on his face faster in bright weather than in cloudy. "If the two days intervening between my visits to the barber," said he yesterday, "are full of sunshine, I find that there is a much longer growth of whiskers than when the two days are rainy and the sun is hid. After convincing myself that the sun had a very material effect on the growth of hair I determined to ask the barber about it. 'Why certainly,' said he, 'the sun has the same effect on your hair on your head or face that it has on the plants. Water, of course, the gr with does not stop when the sun is behind the clouds, yet the sun hurries it up wonderfully. Hair grows nearly twice as fast in sunshine as when it rains.'"

Patronizing old gentleman—"I wonder who so little boy this is." Small Boy—"There's two ways you could find out." Old Gentleman—"How, my son?" Small Boy—"You might guess or you might inquire."

QUESTIONING.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

What did you bring me, love?
One hour of bliss,
One sweet mad kiss,
And an everlasting pain!
A little sup
From a honied cup,
And a bitter draught to drain!

What did you bring me, love?
A flower that died,
And a thorn in the side,
To pierce me evermore!
A flash of light,
And eternal night
Black as the midnight's core!

What did you bring me, love?
One burst of song,
And a silence long,
And deep as Eternity!
Should I sing your praise
In a poet's lays
For the gifts you brought to me?

OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

In the lore of birds it is said that for swallows and martins to build in a window corner, or indeed anywhere about a house, has long been considered a lucky omen, and any trouble they cause is patiently born with under the belief that their presence brings prosperity.

To tear down a nest once it was built was looked upon as a daring of the Fates, sure to be followed by a great calamity in the family within a twelvemonth.

To associate misfortune with doing unkind turns to swallows may be looked upon as a relic of paganism. These birds were sacred to the household gods of the ancients, and their preservation was a matter of religious concern.

They were held in high honor as the harbingers of spring, and it must be allowed that they have always done their best to secure the affection of the human race by the trustfulness with which they build their nests under the eaves of our homes.

Some people say that swallows and martins never come to a house where there is strife, which, if true, shows their good sense.

When they forsake a house they have once frequented the occupier may expect misfortune. When they fly down the chimney, as sometimes happens, death, it used to be held, may be looked for.

Such is the folklore connected with the swallows and martins. As objects of superstitious regard even more interesting birds are robins and wrens. Those two are frequently linked together in the popular mind, perhaps in consequence of the notion that they act as partners in the kindly business of covering with moss or leaves the dead bodies of any of the human race that may be exposed to the heavens.

To injure either bird is exceedingly unlucky, and even mischievous boys when they light upon the nest of either, stay their destroying hands.

"You must not take robins' eggs; if you do not want your legs broken," is a saying in Suffolk. And accordingly their eggs are never seen on the long strings of which boys are so proud.

"How badly you write," a visitor said one day to a boy in a school there. "Your hand shakes so that you can't hold the pen steady. Have you been running hard, or anything of that sort?"

"No," said the boy, "it always shakes. I once had a robin die in my hand, and they say that if a robin dies in your hand it will always shake."

The respect shown to the robin by man is shared by the animals of the wood. The weasel and wild cat they say, with neither molest it nor eat it when killed.

One cause for the veneration in which it is held may be the superstition which represents the robin as a medium through which mankind are warned of approaching death. Before the death of a person a robin is believed in many instances to tap thrice at the window of the room in which he or she may be.

The red breast of a robin is accounted for by a pretty legendary story.

When our Saviour was bearing his cross a robin, touched with compassion, took one of the thorns from His crown, and as it did so the blood dyed its breast, which has been of a ruddy hue ever since.

The wren is known in ancient rhyme as "the king of all birds," and the title to royalty rests on his defeat of the eagle in a trial which would fly highest.

The story, as it is told both in Ireland and Germany, runs that the birds once upon a time resolved on electing a king, and the choice was to fall on him who could mount the highest in the air.

The success of the eagle seemed certain, but the wren made up his mind to try whether cunning was not more than a match for size and strength. He contrived to hop unperceived on the eagle's back just as the competitors started.

The eagle never felt the wren's weight, but soared aloft till he had exhausted his rivals and was out of sight to most of the onlookers.

At last he began to descend, and as he did so the wren sprang off his back, and with a twitter of triumph easily gained the victory.

His performance was noticed by some of the more sharp sighted fraternity below, who, though they were puzzled to explain how he did it, could not deny the fact that he had achieved the highest flight; whereupon the wren was proclaimed with all due solemnity the king of birds.

The name for it in many countries is an acknowledgement of its sovereign position; in France it is a "petty king" and "hedge king;" in Germany "hedge king;" in Holland "little king" and "little winter king;" in Italy "little king;" in Sweden "fowl king," "alder king," and "sparrow king."

The ancients held the wren in great reverence; they believed it to be the heavenly messenger that brought fire to the earth, though it disputed this honor with the eagle.

In performing this kind service its plumage was unfortunately scorched, but the other birds, in consideration of what it had done, made up this loss, each of them presenting it with a feather, except the owl, which has ever since been ashamed to show itself in the daytime.

There are exceptions, however, to the high esteem in which the wren is held.

In Ireland, the Isle of Man, and elsewhere, dislike to it was carried to great extremes, and it was the barbarous custom to hunt this royal and innocent little songster.

The hunting of the wren took place on Christmas Day, St. Stephen's Day and New Year's Day.

In Ireland, "the wren boys" as they were called, decorated themselves with various colored ribbons, and went around with the slaughtered birds, soliciting money for the service they pretended they had rendered.

The Irish aversion to the wren is founded on a tradition, one version of which states that during the Rebellion a party of Royalists, tired out after a day's skirmishing, fell asleep, the sentinel also indulging in a nap. The enemy approached, but a wren tapped three times on a drum that stood near the sentinel, which awoke him and saved a surprise, the result being that the rebels were defeated.

Grains of Gold.

Ignorance is the night of mind, but a night without moon or star.

He who gives for the pleasure of thanks knows not the pleasure of giving.

Beware of no man more than yourself; we carry our worst enemies with us.

Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty.

We can only know ourselves through the constant study how to govern ourselves.

There are no principles but those of religion to be depended on in cases of real distress.

He hath a good judgment that relieth not wholly on his own, nor wholly on that of others.

True repentance begins in the humiliation of the heart and ends in the reformation of the life.

God governs the world, and we have only to do our duty wisely and leave the issue to him.

Cherish the tender buds of piety, and they will bloom with benevolence among the flowers of spiritualized intellect.

Some of our weaknesses are born in us, others are the result of education; it is a question which of the two gives us most trouble.

It is the first small yielding to temptation that peoples prisons and feeds the gallows. Trifles are indications, even as straws are weathervanes.

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel nor man come in danger by it.

Femininities.

And when I lie in the green kirkyard
With the mould upon my breast;
Say not that she did well—or ill,
Only "She did her best."

Linked hearts, studded with pearls, make a unique pin.

A silver shoe, with gold laces, is a new card receiver.

Silver shoe horns, with diamond initials, are deserving of recognition.

A pleasing bracelet has a large morning glory mounted on a narrow gold wire.

An electrical girl has been discovered in Canada. She ought to marry a good conductor.

Love is more pleasing than marriage, because romances are more amusing than history.

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

Whatever you dislike in another person take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof.

The climax at a Hebrew wedding is the breaking of a wineglass, which the bridegroom crushes under his feet.

Tommy: "Say, paw, was there a best man at your wedding?" Pa: "I should remark. There she sits right now."

We endow those whom we love in our fond, passionate blindness, with power upon our souls too absolute to be a mortal's trust.

To clean ornaments of alabaster dissolve borax in boiling water and apply with a cloth or soft brush; rinse carefully and dry in the sun.

It is not the earliest blossoms which are most permanent; those which bloom in mid-season last the longest. So of that blossom of the heart—love.

Originality of design in jewelry is displayed in a diamond kitten playing with a large pearl, supposed to represent a ball of cotton. It may be worn as a brooch or hairpin.

Miss Westend: "And can you always judge of a man's character by the way he laughs?" Social philosopher: "Oh, no; not by the way he laughs, but by what he laughs at."

The strongest of the heathen religions numerically are Brahmanism with 120,000,000 devotees and Buddhism with 500,000,000. The other heathen religions have 125,000,000 adherents.

Beautiful effects are obtained by reproducing the bright postage stamps of the various countries, and combining them for decorative purposes on ash trays, cigar cases, card cases, etc.

The cat population of Great Britain is over 7,000,000; and almost 4,500,000 kittens annually enter the world. Thus the total yearly production of kittens may be calculated as quite 8,000,000.

Rector's wife, hysterically: "Here's a note from those Wagshaws! They ask me to play and sing during the evening, because, they say, they 'want the young and attractive women to assist as waitresses.'"

The Miss Browns: "Oh, so glad to see you, Mary! But we've got such dreadful colds we can't kiss you, dear. We can only shake hands!" Fair visitor: "Oh dear, how sad! I hope you haven't got a cold, Mr. Brown?"

Elderly spinster, in upper berth of sleeping car, peering over: "Excuse me, sir." Man in lower berth: "Certainly, madam. What can I do for you?" Elderly spinster: "I was looking to see if there was a man under my bed. That's all, sir."

Now that it is customary to have fruits, flowers, the vinegar cruets, or salt and pepper bottles, placed in the centre of the table in lieu of a large castor, pretty devices are made of linen to lay upon the cloth. Some of these are elaborately embroidered.

An American mania seems to be fast spreading abroad. Our girls are the fashion over there, and now our center-board boats have converted them. At this rate, it wont be long before London and Paris will copy our styles. The American trick of getting there is becoming proverbial.

Here is a use for old paper which may be new to some of the ladies. Fold old, soft newspapers in several thicknesses, place in a pan of water until thoroughly wet, then wring out, tear in small bits, pick up fine and throw over your carpet instead of wet tea leaves, and see if you do not like it better.

Chicago society has acquired a new feature. A number of ladies who have spent considerable time abroad, especially in Paris, have organized a society, naturally and even necessarily exclusive, for a series of French soirees. The purpose of these ladies is to transplant some of the chic of Parisian evenings into Chicago society.

No woman who has any pride is going to wear black boots this year with anything but "black toilets," whether it be for evening, house or street occasions. Red boots, green boots, gray boots, brown boots and blue boots will be universally worn to match the dress. In some cases boots and gloves to match will be worn to contrast with the toilet.

"You look tired, Miss Brown; too much dancing?" "Oh, dear, no! but we gave what is called an 'engaged dinner,' last week, where eight betrothed couples were invited, and afterwards they each retired to eight different corners of the two rooms and whispered all the evening, and it reminded papa and mamma so much of their courtship that they went out and sat on the stairs and left me alone. Do you wonder I still look tired?"

Mrs. Malaprop has come to town as usual this season and is getting in her work with the same disregard for language as always characterizes her. Society circles are now laughing over a lapsus linguae originating with one of the Mrs. M's who is quite well known. One of her daughters, a beautiful girl, had been sitting to a sculptor, and some one asked the lady what was being done. "Oh," she replied, "my daughter is having a bust made of her hand."

Masculinities.

A black man is the champion wrestler of France.

Some men cut off their heads with their tongues.

A well bred man is always sociable and complaisant.

Correction of error is the plainest proof of energy and mastery.

Men speak but little when vanity does not induce them to speak.

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of a woman.

Of all the paths leading to a woman's love, pity is the straightest.

The Czar of Russia is growing so fat that he has become alarmed.

Cupid has no arrow which can reach the heart armored with indifference.

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.

A Washington correspondent states that but one Senator smokes cigarettes.

Measure not men by Sundays without regarding what they do all the week after.

The sight of a man's money is often the antidote for the odor of a very bad character.

The man who never made a mistake in his life is deaf, dumb, blind and still unmarried.

We have great respect for the penetration of the man who discovers good qualities in us.

Two of the greatest arts in this world are to keep a polish on a silk hat and off the shoulders of a frock coat.

He who cares only for himself in youth will be a very niggard in manhood, and a wretched miser in old age.

Every man's vanity ought to be his greatest shame; and every man's folly ought to be his greatest secret.

Smith: "Good for your wife, Jones! I noticed that she took off her hat at the theatre last evening." Jones: "Yes; it was an old hat."

As long as love prevails in the house, space of the breadth of a sword is satisfactory; as soon as it disappears, sixty hand-breadths are not sufficient.

Here is a suggestion for a lady's gift umbrella. Let the donor have his photograph, postage stamp size, set in the handle and covered with glass.

A young divine tells a story of a groom who, after the marriage ceremony, slipped a $5 bill into his hand, murmuring, apologetically, "I'll do better next time."

A shirt seen at a recent fancy dress ball had a dead black bosom, and the collar and cuffs and tie were also black. They were worn in conjunction with trousers, vest and coat in plain white silk.

The answer lately given in a French court by a prisoner accused of almost cutting his wife to pieces was, with a smile, "Well, Monsieur le President, you know every one has his little failing."

Eastern young lady, to Western young man: "Is not cultivation extending very rapidly in the West?" Mr. Breezy: "Oh, yes, ma'am. I have 200 acres under cultivation, again about half that of last year."

Hobbs: "I understand that Dobson's wife is a German, and that he mastered the German language to win her." Jones: "Well, he must have expended all his energies on the language, then. He has never mastered her."

"Underdonedom" is what N P Willis dubbed the brigade of half-fledged masculines who crowd the doorways and blockade the entrance to every ball-room, and are generally too weary and blase to enjoy anything but the supper.

A thoughtful and worthy New Year's gift was that of Prince Charles of Sweden to his mother, the Queen. It was a set of furniture for a hospital room for two patients, and it has been placed in the Queen's name in the Royal Hospital at Stockholm.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, when a choir boy of the Chapel Royal, composed an anthem, and it so pleased the Bishop of London that he gave the little author a half sovereign. This coin Mr. Sullivan wears around his neck as a talisman to this day while composing.

Mr. Spurgeon, the famous Baptist preacher, has for many years been in the habit of sending fresh books to country clergymen who are unable to buy such books themselves. Heber Newton, of New York, has been doing the same thing, and other clergymen have been doing a similar good work.

Magistrate, to prisoner: "It is some time since I saw you here, Uncle Sambo." Uncle Sambo, virtuously: "Yes, sah; I'se been quiet an' law abidin' since de last time I was up befo' yo', an' dat wer 'bout six months ago, yo' honnah." Magistrate: "Ah yes, I remember! I gave you six months then for stealing a ham. It's a year this time, uncle."

There is but one way to prevent bagging, and that is to pull the trousers up a few inches over the knees whenever you sit down. This action makes the knee caps press against the cloth at a point that is below the natural standing position, and there is no great pressure or strain while the wearer is seated. If the trousers were not pulled up they would have a strong pressure from the knee caps, and the bag is thus made.

A man who wanted to learn what profession he would have his son enter, put him in a room with a Bible, an apple and a dollar bill. If he found him when he returned reading the Bible, he would make a clergyman of him; if eating the apple, a farmer; if interested in the dollar bill, a banker. When he returned he found the boy sitting on the Bible with the dollar bill in his pocket and the apple almost devoured. He made a politician of him.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The *Woman's World* for March has an interesting illustrated historical article by Mrs. Oscar Wilde, the wife of the editor, on "Muffs." "Are Servants a Failure?" is a paper on a subject in which all housekeepers are interested, although some of its conclusions refer particularly to domestic difficulties in England. Among other contributors are Mrs. Harriet Brooke Davis, Mrs. E. Pender Cudlip, Miss F. Layard, Oscar Browning, Mrs. E. M. Whishaw, Miss E. T. Masters, S. W. Beck and Mrs. Swanwick. Published by and received from Messers. Cassell & Co.

The March *St. Nicholas* contains the beginning of a story by Joel Chandler Harris, called "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," which tells of child-life in the South in Slavery times. It is illustrated by Kemble. A beautiful and original engraving, "Under the Mistletoe," forms the frontispiece. H. H. Boyesen has a fairy tale called "The Sun's Sisters," illustrated with humorous drawings. Mrs. Burton Harrison recalls the reputation of "Washington as an Athlete." A fully illustrated sketch of Antinous is contributed by Eleanor C. Lewis, and W. Lewis Fraser describes "Storm-Bound Sparrows" which suffered so severely in last March's Blizzard. There are several short stories, instalments of three serials, another "Brownie" paper, a sketch of animal life, poetry, etc. Altogether it is a number of great variety, interest and value, beautifully illustrated. The Century Co., New York.

A catalogue of the contents of the *Magazine of American History* for March shows its great value and current interest. In its unique and rare illustrations it surpasses even itself. The leading article describes the "Historic Homes and Landmarks" about the Battery and Bowling Green, New York City. The second article is, "America: the World's Puzzle in Geography," a comprehensive article is on "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. The well known author, J. G. Rosengarten, contributes a strikingly readable paper on "Du Pont De Nemours." General Alfred E. Lee discourses upon "German Family and Social Life." Mr. Maturin L. Delafield writes of Colonel Henry Beekman Livingston, and Annie E. Wilson gives an authoritative paper entitled a "Thrilling Adventure of a Kentucky Pioneer." The several minor departments are admirably filled—they are usually bright and timely. It finds hosts of appreciative readers. 743 Broadway, New York City.

In the March *Century* the most timely essay is that on the "Rules of the House of Representatives," by the Republican leader, Hon. Thomas B. Reed of Maine. Another timely essay is Dr. Edward Eggleston's review of James Bryce's already famous work on "The American Commonwealth." In the same category of special timeliness should be mentioned a curious article on "The Use of Oil to Still the Waves." The present installment of the Life of Lincoln is entitled "The Edict of Freedom," and completes the story of Emancipation. The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of the Grand Lama of the Trans-Baikal, from a photograph given to George Kennan in exchange for his own. Mr. Kennan's article describes an interesting and amusing episode of his Siberian tour. In fiction there is begun a three-part story by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, entitled "The Last Assembly Ball; A Pseudo Romance of the Far West." Other articles are "The Correspondence of Mr. Miles Grogan." "The History of Alix de Morainville," "York Cathedral" finely illustrated "Old Italian Masters," "Christian Ireland" illustrated, "The Choice of Reuben and Gad." "Dutch Painters at Home," illustrated "Amateur Theatricals," "Something Electricity is Doing," together with the usual departments.

How to Use It.—A lady writes on this head, apparently with great knowledge of her subject:—Let me tell you—although half of you might teach me, I suppose—how to put powder on. After bathing the face, before drying, apply a little glycerine, with or without dilution of rose water, then take a flannel cloth and rub the face dry. Then with a bit of cotton or puff, throw the powder on without friction. After which let matters rest as they are, until you have completed your toilet. When all this is done, and 'bright as the sun, fair as the moon,' &c., you stand before your tiring glass, prepared for such harmless slaughter as the 'right' of our sex, take a soft linen rag and carefully remove all traces of powder, going into a strong light, and investigating every eyebrow and dimple. (If past the days of dimples, examine closely the wrinkles.) After this operation, conscientiously performed, if you are not satisfied with yourself, just give up to destiny, and look to inward adornment. Let rouge alone. The store to buy carmine tints at is Nature's. Take brisk walks, drink milk, and ignore tea and coffee, gravies, and candies—and if you don't have cheeks and lips like the hillside strawberries, call me a prevaricator."

Druggist (awakened at 2 A. M.)—"What do you wish?" Voice (at the door)—"If you'll let me look in your directory to see how to address this letter, I'll buy the postage stamp of you."

I like my wife to use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder because it improves her looks and is as fragrant as violets.

IN ANCIENT ATHENS.

At old Athens, the greatest city of ancient Greece, the whole power and management of affairs were placed in the people. It was their prerogative to receive appeals from the courts of justice, to abrogate and enact laws, to make what alterations in the state they judged convenient: in short, all matters, public or private, foreign or domestic, civil, military, or religious, were determined by them.

Whenever there was occasion to deliberate, the people assembled early in the morning, sometimes in the forum or public place, sometimes in a place called Pnyx, but most frequently in the theatre of Bacchus.

A few days before each assembly, there was a placard fixed on the statues of illustrious men erected in the city, to give notice of the subject to be debated.

As they refused admittance into the assembly to all persons who had not attained the necessary age, so they obliged all others to attend.

The Lexiarchs stretched out a cord dyed with scarlet, and by it pushed the people towards the place of meeting. Such as received the stain were fined: the more diligent had a small pecuniary reward.

These Lexiarchs were the keepers of the register, in which were enrolled the names of such citizens as had a right of voting. And all had this right who were of age, and not excluded by a personal fault. Undutiful children, cowards, brutal debauchees, prodigals, debtors to the public, were all excluded.

Until the time of Cecrops, women had a right of suffrage, which they were said to have lost on account of their partiality to Minerva, in her dispute with Neptune about giving a name to the city.

In ordinary cases, all matters were first deliberated in the senate of five hundred, composed of fifty senators chosen out of each of the ten tribes. Each tribe had its turn of presiding, and the fifty senators in office were called Prytanes.

And according to the number of the tribes, the Attic year was divided into ten parts, the four first containing thirty-six, the others thirty-five; in order to make the lunar year complete, which according to their calculation, contained three hundred and fifty-four days.

During each of these divisions, ten of the fifty Prytanes governed for a week; and were called Proedri; and of these he, who in the course of a week presided for one day, was called the Epistate; three of the Proedri being excluded from this office.

The Prytanes assembled the people; the Proedri declared the occasion; and the Epistate demanded their voices. This was the case in ordinary assemblies; the extraordinary were convened as well by the generals as the Prytanes; and sometimes the people met of their own accord, without waiting the formalities.

The assembly was opened by a sacrifice; and the place was sprinkled with the blood of the victim. Then an imprecation was pronounced, conceived in these terms:—"May the gods pursue that man to destruction, with all his race, who shall act, speak, or contrive, any thing against this state!" This ceremony being finished, the Proedri declared the occasion of the assembly, and reported the opinion of the senate.

If any doubt arose, a herald by commission of the Epistate, with a loud voice invited any citizen, first of those above the age of fifty, to speak his opinion; and then the rest according to their ages.

The right of precedence had been granted by a law of Solon, and the order of speaking determined entirely by the difference of years.

In the time of Demosthenes, this law was not in force. It is said to have been repealed about fifty years before the time of this orator. Yet the custom still continued out of respect to the reasonable and decent purpose for which the law was originally enacted.

When a speaker had delivered his sentiments, he generally called on an officer appointed for that purpose, to read his motion, and propound it in form. He then sat down, or resumed his discourse, and enforced his motion by additional arguments, and sometimes the speech was introduced by his motion thus propounded. When all the speakers had ended, the people gave their opinion, by stretching out their hands to him whose proposal pleased them most.

And Xenophon reports, that, night having come on when the people were engaged in an important debate, they were obliged to defer their determination till next day, for fear of confusion, when their hands were to be raised.

And to constitute this decree, six thousand citizens at least were required.

When it was drawn up, the name of its author, or that person whose opinion had prevailed, was prefixed: whence, in speaking of it, they called it his decree. The date of it contained the name of the Archon, that of the day and month, and that of the tribe then presiding. The business being over, the Prytanes dismissed the assembly.

Tomlinson: "Hello, Bodger! What makes you look so excited?" "Bodger: "Why, you see, they've got twins at sister's. One of 'em is a boy and one of 'em is a girl, and blamed if that doesn't make me an uncle and an aunt both!"

Rid Yourself of the discomfort and danger attending a Cold by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old established curative for Coughs, Sore Throat and Pulmonary Affections.

A man is like an egg, 'tis said.
'Tis true, though said in joke.
You never know of what he's made
Until he's "broke."

Some are very soft-shelled, some have no yolk, while some are fat and round. A little negligence, a sudden cold, the shell is broken, and Catarrh, Bronchitis, and finally Consumption develop even in the strongest constitutions. In these emergencies, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery comes to the rescue. As a remedy for Catarrh in the Head, Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections, attended by lingering coughs, "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal. It is, in fact, **the only remedy for these diseases ever sold under a written certificate of guarantee.** The certificate accompanies each bottle, or will be mailed to any address on receipt of a return, addressed and stamped, envelope.

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Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of

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They are the **Original Little Liver Pills. Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless. As a LIVER PILL, Unequaled!**

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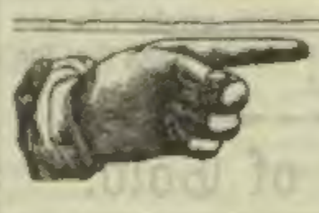

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, Ts, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Humorous.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

Of all the bitter feelings that are sent us from above,
The bitterest of these is that of unrequited love.
At first the anguish that you feel is difficult to hide,
And desperation fills your soul with thoughts of suicide.

But calmer counsels will prevail, and with a stifled sigh
You suffer on in silence, or perhaps you vainly try
To drown the throbbings of your heart in dissipation's whirl;
But those throbbings never cease until—you get another girl!

—U. N. NONE.

On the safe side—The cashier.

A glaring fraud—A glass eye.

The prettiest thing in veils—Faces.

A constant friend—A life-long Quaker

Stirring event—Mixing a plum pudding.

When is love deformed?—When it is all on one side.

Natural fill osophy—"Let's have another glass!"

Chimney-sweeping must be an agreeable business, for it soots everybody who tries it.

Railways are aristocrats. They teach every man to know his own station, and to stop there.

Why is a lawyer like a sawyer? Because, whichever way he moves, down must come the dust.

Now that a man has been found with two hearts, the monstrosity will be a frequent plea on the part of bigamists.

A great many inventions are being made to kill people easily, but what is really wanted is something that will enable us to live easily.

"Have you heard of the man who got shot?" said one fellow to another. "Got shot? No! How did he get shot?" asked the other. "He bought it."

Judge: "I wish to ascertain if the witnesses are all here, and I will therefore read out the list. Those that are present say Aye! the contrary, No."

Footpad: "Give me your money, quick!" Poet: "Thanks." Footpad: "What yer thankin' me fur?" Poet: "For the compliment of thinking I looked like a man who had any."

Nothing is more common than to read of people who, under certain conditions of grief, "bury their heads in their hands." This will account, we presume, for the large number of grave faces that we see about us every day.

"There is one thing connected with your table," said a drummer to the landlord of a Bridgeport hotel, "that is not surpassed by even the best hotels in New York." "Yes," replied the pleased landlord; "and what is that?" "The salt, sir."

"So the belle of the choir has married the tenor." "Yes." "I thought she favored the bass?" "Yes, but she got some high-flown notions into her head and threw over the bass for the tenor." "For what reason?" "Because the tenor was more high-toned."

Traveler: "Say, boy, what are you sitting there for? You'll freeze to death!" Boy, between his chattering teeth: "Why, de ole man tole me for to take der pup out an' drown him, but de ice on der creek is two feet thick, so I thought I'd sit here an' freeze him to death."

De Chord: "You don't mean to say you went to an amateur concert last night?" De Muslo: "Yes; couldn't very well get out of it; and besides, the object was one which I heartily favored." "Benefit of an orphan asylum?" "No; it was to raise funds to send the principal singers to Europe."

Popinjay: "Bloboon, you ought to be considerable of a scholar, seeing you have sent two boys to college. Can you tell me the origin of the phrase, "Great cry and little wool?" Bloboon: "Certainly. It is an Indian phrase, and originated when the sons of the forest first tried to scalp a bald-headed settler."

A physician, examining a student as to his progress, asked him, "Should a man fall into a well forty feet deep, and strike his head against one of the tools with which he had been digging, what would be your course if called in as a surgeon?" The student replied, "I should advise them to let the man lie and fill up the well."

"Pa," asked sleepy Bobby, "can I ask you one more question if it ain't foolish?" "Ya-as!" almost shouted the old man, who was trying to read. "Well, if a toad had a tail, pa, would it interfere with his jumpin' or would it help him like it does the kangaroo?" In less time than it takes to tell it Bobby was between the sheets.

A Kentucky gentleman, who recently came to Washington to consult with his member of Congress about an office under the new Administration, was asked by a gentleman from Boston whether it is really true that the people of Kentucky are so very bibulous. "Bibulous!" said the Kentuckian. "Bibulous! I don't reckon you could find a dozen Bibles in the whole State."

A near relative of Mrs. Partington is living among the "mountings" within 40 miles of New York city. Not long ago there was some complaint about the young people loitering around the church, and she said, with a sigh: "Well, I never did like to see young folks standing in the Sebastapool of the church." She meant vestibule. Again, speaking of a neighbor whose house was well furnished, she said: "You'd orter see what lots of goblets she's got on her buffalo." She meant goblets on a bufet.

Wherever an external remedy can be applied Salvation Oil will reach the case. 25c.

Even in Honolulu, capital of the Sandwich Islands, they use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

IN LUCK.—A newspaper man was going home late the other night, when a figure stepped out from the shadow of a wall and stood before him.

"Say, friend," said a thick voice, "what are you going to say when you get home? D' you belong to club? Would you be kind enough t' give me good ex-cu-se? What r' you going to tell her?"

The other explained that he was always late.

"Y'r lucky dog," the man went on. "I'm always late, too, but I always nee-ed ex-cu-se. What time is it, m' friend?"

When he was told that it was 4 o'clock he shivered dolefully and went back into the shadow, murmuring mournfully, "Y're lucky dog."

SIOUX LAW.—A young Englishman, a native of Leeds, was lately traveling in the Northwest. While he was visiting a Sioux village, a girl of the tribe took a fancy to him, and one day, without warning, fell to kissing him.

He didn't repulse her, and was perhaps rather sorry afterwards that he hadn't done so; for, when it was too late, he discovered that, according to Sioux law, the kissing was, in fact, the wedding ceremony, and that he was the young squaw's husband. Nevertheless, he likes his position well enough now to be content to stay where he is.

"Little Golden Locks," to her sister's affianced who is waiting in the parlor:

"God loves me more than he does Merle?"

"How do you know, little one, that he loves you more?"

"Because he gives me golden hair for nothing, and she has to rub hers with some stuff in a bottle and sit ever so long in the sun to make it like mine. That's the reason she's so long coming down."

THE LOST ATLANTIS.

For many centuries there has been a tradition of a long lost island called Atlantis.

The Greek geographers located it in the Atlantic Ocean, west of the northwest part of Africa and the Pillars of Hercules. The sea-kings of Atlantis are said to have invaded Europe and Africa, and to have been defeated by the Athenians.

All the legends agree that it was a vast island, of inexhaustible resources, and inhabited by a race of superior people. For ages this island has existed only in legendary lore. But now, when the light of modern research is turned full upon the investigation, behold the lost Atlantis at our very doors.

So the bigoted medical fraternity goes groping about in the dark, seeking for an Atlantis or Esculapius, when if they would investigate, they would behold the lost Atlantis at their very door. With their ancient text book, a case of physic, a paper in their waistcoat giving them license to practice, experiment and dose with their injurious drugs, cauterize and perform unnecessary acts, with no person or laws to hold them accountable, they continue their bigoted, unjustified practice, staring into vacancy, and imagining that they see in themselves an Esculapius.

Wrapped in ancient bigotry, they are crying out against all improvements that have been made in medical science. They denounce any new idea advanced by a layman or an opposition school as a fraud.

Why?

Because humanity will not be benefited? Not at all, but because their special lam did not make the discovery.

Yet they concede that there is no remedy known to their materia medica that will cure an advanced kidney malady and the diseases arising therefrom—although many of them know from crowning proof that Warner's Safe Cure will—but unscrupulously treat symptoms and call them a disease, when in reality they know they are but symptoms.

A few of the more honest physicians admit that Warner's Safe Cure is a valuable remedy, and a great blessing to mankind, but say, in so many words, when asked why they do not prescribe it, that they cannot, according to their code.

Nevertheless, the world is fast becoming satisfied that the cure for kidney and liver diseases, in whatever form or condition, has been discovered, and there is no doubt but what Warner's Safe Cure and its fame will live long after such bigotry as we have instanced is dead and buried.

The late eminent physician and writer, Dr. J. G. Holland, published in "Scribner's Monthly," and showed his opinion of such bigotry, and no doubt was satisfied that Atlantis might possibly be discovered in a proprietary medicine, when he wrote editorially, as follows:

"Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day were more successful than many of the physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd parson, knowing their virtue, and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them."

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 28 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

R. R. R.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

**Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs
Inflammation, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Headache,
Toothache, Influenza,
Difficult Breathing,**

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In cases of LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF NEVER FAILS to give immediate ease.

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MR. W. H. BLYTH—Sir: "In compliance with your request to furnish you with the results of my knowledge and experience with Dr. Radway's R. R., in reply I can state that I have been using Radway's Remedies since 1852. I know the Ready Relief to be more reliable for Colds, Pleurisy, Pneumonia and diseases growing out of colds; for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism and Aches, and pains generally, than any remedy I have ever known tried. From my personal knowledge of the Radway Remedies, I think them all superior to any remedies of which I have any knowledge, for all the ills for which they are recommended.

Respectfully,
T. R. SKIDMORE,
Pastor Green Hill Presbyterian Church.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE SAFEST AND MOST CERTAIN

PAIN REMEDY

In the world, that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It never fails in giving ease to the sufferer of pain from whatever cause arising; it is truly the great

CONQUEROR OF PAIN!

And has done more good than any known remedy.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, bruises, bites of insects, stiff neck, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Croup, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost-bites.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

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The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen, DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or, deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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NEWPORT, KY.

"For many years had been afflicted with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, but got your Pills and they made a perfect cure. WILLIAM NOONAN.
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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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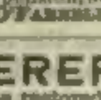

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Latest Fashion Phases.

In Directoire gowns the novelty is that the folded waistcoats are arranged with wide revers which lie outside the revers to the jacket. The backs of such gowns have skirt and bodice cut in one, but the side ends at the waist quite straight.

The fulness is gathered in two knots on either side of the back seam. There are square flap pockets, and the cuffs widen much at the upper part, and very large buttons are used on them. Evening gowns cut low are made in the same manner.

The old ideas of dressmaking are cast to the wind in all these gowns; side-darts and old-accustomed plaits are discarded, as in a black polonaise of soft silk over a red-striped glace silk. It opened at the neck to show a short vest of sapphire velvet and double revers of red silk in front.

On the shoulder only was a yoke-piece which gave additional fulness to an over-slim figure, while the black silk portion of the front of the bodice seemed to be caught together in order to show the most graceful lines and fulness of the figure, and was caught in by passementerie.

It opened straight down the back and straight down the front to show the full flowing striped red silk underdress.

Passementerie ornaments were brought well up the back from the waist to give an appearance of squareness.

Quite after another period, but delightful from its demure primness, is a green velvet gown mixed with turquoise blue crepe de chine.

The crepe bodice is fulled and confined by a sort of rounded zouave jacket of the velvet; the bodice turned back with blue, and the two colors combined in the well-draped skirt.

But the most wonderful and original of all the gowns was a mixture of girofle velvet, which formed the back, meeting some pure white satin worked in tiny empire patterns of silk and silver threads.

The bodice was made half of velvet and half of the embroidered satin. The white satin in front of the skirt was edged with a wide blue ribbon, into which the embroidery was carried, while this was met beneath the velvet with maize cloth edged with grebe, a short vest of the same at the waist of the bodice being edged with pearls.

A black silk dinner-gown, the back full and plain, had a front of pink silk veiled with black jetted net.

The bodice was made a la Vierge, of all styles the most becoming to a thin figure—the plaits lined with pink, the sleeves coming to the elbow, with high epaulettes coming above the arm, arranged in a double form.

There is a new color coming in, which it is prophesied is to be the one particular tone of the season—Flamme de Pouce, the amethyst tone of spirit when subjected to fire.

A pretty gown in this was made in brocatelle brocbe, of subdued coloring, as a polonaise, with passementerie ornaments. These brocades are sometimes a mixture of wool and silk, with conventional floral patterns, such as we have generally employed as furnishing materials, and these will be the fashion in the near future.

The waist for an indoor gown, of cashmere or any light wool suitable for the spring, should be cut short on the hips, with a rounded point in front and a short, sharp point in the back.

The plaited or gathered skirt is mounted on the bodice, which is ornamented only with revers, but a sash of surah or some soft silk is added, folded in three flat plaits, very much wider in front than on the sides.

From the hips this sash follows the line of the corsage to the back, being still quite narrow, and is there tied in a large, wide bow.

Jacket bodices are fashionable for the street, and with these much thought and taste are expended on the undervest, which is frequently separate and fastens behind.

These little fancy waistcoats may be shirred, smocked, or formed of many folds, crossing and recrossing transversely.

They may be of the same material as the suit, of velvet, soft silk, or muslin, and it is an excellent idea to have several vests to wear with the same costume, thus forming a variety that will be appreciated if the wardrobe is limited.

Knife plaited silk muslin in white, cream or bright colors, is used as a turned-over frill for the neck and sleeves of dress waists, while it is sometimes continued down the front, in a cravat or jabot.

An economical as well as stylish substitute for ruching is to use narrow grosgrain ribbon with a pearl edge.

Gather the lowest edge and sew it inside the dress collar, so as to show only about a fourth of an inch, and if liked a few inches can be left to tie in a tiny bow in front.

White, cream and red are the favorite colors for these little frills.

Fringe is coming into fashion once more and appears on cloth dresses; tea gowns and house sacques.

It is usually of the heavy, netted silk strands of a contrasting color knotted in the edges, on the fichu round the neck and in the flowing sleeves.

It is too early to say much on the subject of spring hats, but the Alsatian toques, made to match the outside garment, will probably be worn quite late in the season, especially when lightened by a bunch of pinks, violets, pansies or other fresh looking blossoms, which are used without foliage and placed directly in front.

The Empire veils are not generally seen. They have such a "tied-up" look. They can only be worn on the large hats, and raised by having the little string untied under the chin.

For driving in a cold wind they are more suitable. During the winter the real veils, or the excellent imitations of them, have been popular.

The little spotted ones are being worn rather longer, and, on dit, are to reach below the mouth; instead of barely to the tip of the nose.

Many young girls are having white or pale-colored collars and chemisettes of soft silk made to wear at theatres or small entertainments, with their low bodices. The white ones look the best, and the trimming round the top of the low bodice forms one for the chemisette, which fills up the shoulders and neck above.

At a little distance the effect is quite that of a fully trimmed high bodice. The fastening is at the back.

The Directoire silk ties for mourning wear and the white and colored tulle ones for evening, are of recent introduction. Some are double round the throat—that is, they are put on the neck in front, crossed at the back, brought again to the front, and the ends fastened across like a man's necktie of many years ago, but these are not so popular as those which just fasten in front.

These latter are composed of a sufficient length of soft silk folds, with the two ends gathered and then spread out like fans. These cross in front, are secured by a brooch, and for a full bow under the chin.

In pale pink they are very becoming. The folds form a band nearly three inches wide. Tan silk hose of open-work pattern now accompany the tan Suede shoe when they are worn.

Bands of small flowers are worn in the hair, and bridal wreaths are now arranged thus, with an aigrette to match mounted on the left side.

The buds of the orange flower are used for the band.

Little round wreaths of small roses or of velvet leaves and flowers, with an aigrette of the same, are generally worn now, and placed far back at the side of the head.

A small boquet or a large buckle of the same flowers is usually worn on one arm.

Bows of delicate tulle, especially pink, white or red, with an osprey in the centre and mounted on pins, are fashionable.

All sorts of fancy combs may be seen among the curls and coils. The hair is gradually descending from the top of the head to the nap of the neck again. Emeralds are much in request, and are worn with the shades of green that Fashion decrees shall be popular at present.

Steel is also a la mode, especially for buttons; but costly old paste ones rank high in favor for the Directoire coats.

For evening wear, those fortunate possessors of numerous diamond stars wear them in the place of buttons on the gowns of that period.

Odds and Ends.

A WORD ABOUT TONICS.

Much abused as tonics often are by the indiscriminate self-doctor, in whose hands the key of a medicine-chest is a far more dangerous tool than a razor in a baby's, they nevertheless are most valuable when judiciously used; or, in other words, when used or prescribed by some one who knows how, when, and why to administer them.

Medicines of this class are also called roborants, corroborants, stomachics, and bitters, and are defined as drugs, the continued administration of which, in debilitated and relaxed conditions of the body, imparts strength and vigor without producing any sudden excitement.

This is a very good definition.

If, however, they are given when the system is in a healthy state, their primary action, like that of stimulants, is often followed by collapse.

For the word "often" in the last sentence, "always" ought to be substituted, and instead of "collapse"—"depression."

Collapse is somewhat strong in its sense, and although the depression may not in such cases be very observable, it is never entirely absent.

So then, in giving tonics we have to take into account the condition of the body, and its measure of healthiness or the reverse.

It is often the case that tonics are divided by writers into nervine and blood tonics, but, with the exception of the natural tonics, even phosphorus itself must pass through the circulation before its effects on the nerves themselves come into play.

Tonics are not to be taken when there is a tendency to irritability of the digestive canal, including the stomach, or where the secretions are at fault.

In a case, for example, of constipation alternating with attacks of diarrhœa, with a too acid condition of the stomach, and probably a heavy, dull, sleepy condition of the brain during the day, it would be worse than useless, because dangerous, to administer tonics, until we had restored the balance of nature in the system.

A course of very mild purgatives might therefore be called for.

The following medicines may be considered safe, but instead of giving a formula we can only indicate their use, for much depends on idiosyncrasy and constitution.

Peppermint water, with the addition of ipecacuanha wine, carbonate of magnesia, aromatic powder, and powdered rhubarb.

Meanwhile, take plenty of exercise and eat fruit before breakfast. This is the best advice we can give, and having got the system into good working order, you may cautiously make choice of a tonic which shall tend to bring the secretions into a better state for the future, and at the same time give strength to the body and exhilaration to the mind.

But how shall you choose this tonic? That is the all-important, the burning question.

Well, first and foremost you must answer it by asking another. That other is: What particular organ or function needs seeing to, needs restoring and bracing up?

Is it your blood that is not of good quality? If so, you will be paler in face and gums than usual, the pulse will be rather weak and more frequent than usual, and it takes but little exertion to make the breathing difficult and the heart palpitate.

There may be a slight morning headache and a used-up expression about the eyes, while giddiness and noises in the head are far from infrequent.

One in this state feels little inclination to work; everything is a trouble, everything a worry; he sleeps badly at night, has a sluggish system generally, and is apt to imagine that everything is going wrong with him and the world generally, that he would not be surprised if some day the sky should fall and smother the larks.

Worst of such cases lies in the fact that while often dosing themselves in a half-hearted kind of way, people whose blood wants toning up are all too apt to fly to the occasional use of cordials and pick-me-ups in various forms.

They could not do a more stupid nor a more dangerous thing, if they tried ever so hard.

In a case like this, then, if there be no other complication, complete reform in diet and mode of living must be heartily commenced, and iron taken.

If there be any other disorder, that disease must be seen to separately.

But in poverty of blood iron is our sheet-anchor.

Take a mild aperient now and then, and the tincture of iron, or steel drops, as it is called, in doses of from ten to fifteen drops three times a day in plain water, will be the best medicine, or iron and quinine.

Now, it is in such cases as these that what we call natural tonics come in so well as accessories.

What are they?

Why, the cold or tepid bath every morning; exercise, pleasant and continued daily to the verge of fatigue; the Turkish bath, followed by the cold shower; and wholesome food.

But perhaps it is the nervous system more even than the blood that wants recuperation. Well, here again, reform in diet and mode of life, and a proper action of the secreting organs, are imperative before tonics can do good. Try the mild purgatives above mentioned, and then as tonics, phosphorus in some form should be tried, say four or five drops of the saturated solution of phosphorus in ether four times a day, or phosphorus pills, or the compound syrup of hypophosphate.

Confidential Correspondents.

T. J. S.—Gentlemen do not as a rule wear engaged-rings.

M. H.—We may republish the story you speak of, but cannot say when.

L. H. W.—We should think that comic singing in the music-hall style would certainly injure a good voice.

BEACON.—On the engagement being broken off, you could write, saying that, as you are returning all the letters and presents sent to you, you would like yours also returned.

DISPUTE.—It is a fashion in England to mispronounce the name as if it were spelled Cooper, just as a good many other English names are tortured out of shape. Pronounce it Cowper.

IGNAITUS.—Black trousers should certainly be worn as a part of evening dress. Should the lady refuse on your asking her to dance, it would not be at all improper to ask another to dance with you.

L. B. C.—The copies of THE POST containing the story you speak, are not in print. The story is not published in book-form. We may some time in the future republish it, but we cannot say when.

GRAYSON.—A liberal use of sweet oil will darken any hair. Soap, and all compounds containing soda, tend to make the hair lighter, and give it a reddish tinge. Apply cold water every morning, and when the hair is dry, use the sweet oil.

S. A.—In purchasing amber mouthpieces, you will have to trust to the honesty of the dealer. This is the age of simulation. Even in paintings, jewelry, and antiquities(?), the most knowing and experienced are constantly being deceived.

E. L. P.—The phrase, "lesser rate," is not good language, because "less," the adjective and comparative of "little," is sufficient; unless we take "lesser" to be simply another form of "less;" the comparison would then be little, less, or lesser, least.

PHILO.—The punishment of death was abolished in England as to the following offences in 1837: Larceny in a dwelling-house, sheep-stealing, horse-stealing, cattle-stealing, housebreaking, forgery, coining, sacrilege, and letter-stealing. Capital punishment for arson was repealed by a later statute.

JOHN P.—If you wish to succeed as a public vocalist, you must conquer the nervousness of which you complain. Practice before a few select friends. It is recorded of a celebrated singer that he got over the difficulty by singing in a retired meadow, before some cows and sheep grazing and fancying they were a delighted and attentive audience.

MILLIE.—We do not think the marriage would be a happy one for either of you. The parents of the young man object to you, so that you would have to enter his family under a cloud of black looks; and really, according to your own statement, the best part of the love is on his side. On your part we can detect more than a latent indifference. Take a little more time to consider.

Z. T.—A moderate capacity, industriously directed, will accomplish much more than a wrong application of the most brilliant qualifications. Study therefore yourselves. Aim to find out the actual talents you possess, and endeavor to make the best use of them, and you can hardly come short of making a good figure in the world; and, what is more, being one among those who tired not in vain.

BLAIRMORE.—Snoring is chiefly caused by obstructed respiration and indigestion. Sleep on your right side, with your head only slightly raised above the level of your shoulder. Heavy suppers should be avoided, as well as going to bed too soon after supper. At least an hour should elapse before retiring to rest. The old advice about walking a mile soon, but immediately, after the evening meal was excellent.

DARRAN.—It is not proper for an engaged young lady to make herself free and merry with a certain young gentleman in a quadrille while her lover is present, or even when he is absent; but probably she is a bit of a teaze, and delights in playing upon his over-sensitiveness. It is, however, a dangerous game, and the levity is severely to be condemned. Still, lovers are apt to see more than really occurs or is meant.

M. D. W.—Use your own name by all means. They are your own work, and you are entitled to the full credit of their production. 2. We do not know in what way you could send your quilt to the French Exposition. If you write to the French Minister at Washington, he would, no doubt, send you a copy of instructions as to the way in which such matters should be gone about with proper convenience and safety.

MIMA.—Whit-Sunday is the Christian celebration of the day of Pentecost. The name of the day is probably derived from the White Sunday, so called from the admission, in the early centuries of the Church, of the catechumens, clothed in white robes, to the sacrament of baptism on the eve of this festival. Some writers on ecclesiastical matters trace the name of the festival to the Saxon word "wit"—"knowledge or wisdom;" and one monkish author says: "This day is called Witsonday because the Holy Ghoste brought wytte and wisdom in the Chrestis dyscyples."

CAUTION.—A married man, unless a very near relative, is not a proper escort for his friend's wife to places of amusement, unless always accompanied by his own lawful spouse. And is there not the possibility of the latter in time resenting "attentions" bestowed on another? Husbands who say they have few opportunities of going with their wives to theatres or concerts should make opportunities, or keep their wives at home until they can be made. It is this growing indifference to etiquette and the proprieties that introduces discord and misery into families. Your friend may be the very perfection of honor, but he is only a man, and his wife is only a woman, and your wife, we have no doubt, is a good, sensible little body, who will be happy to make allowances, if needed, for the peculiarities of your position. The reports in the newspapers ought to open the eyes of the most confiding of husbands to the danger and scandal of wives being gallanted about by men not their husbands, or in any way related to them.